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SUB-MARINER

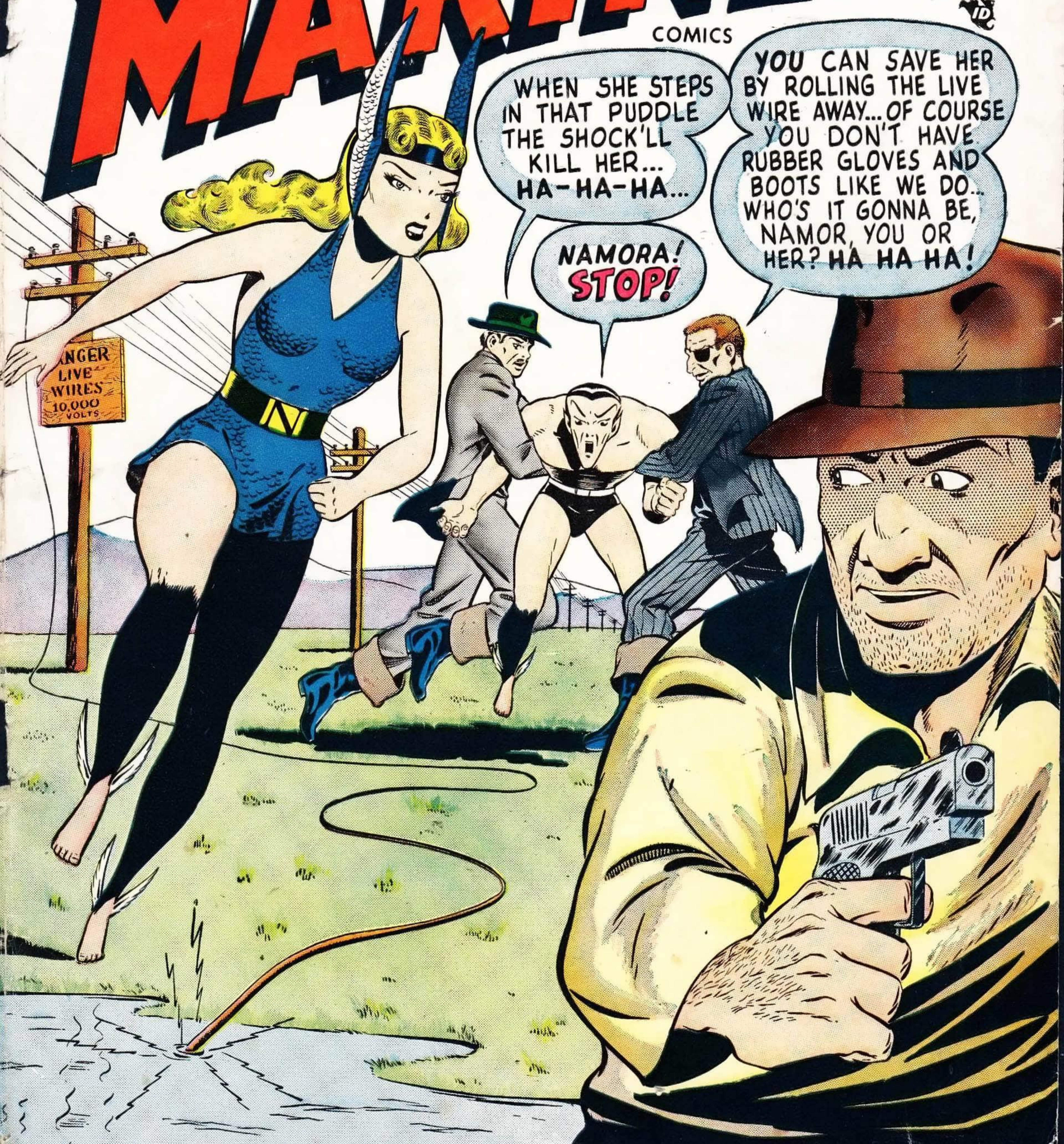
COMICS

WHEN SHE STEPS
IN THAT PUDDLE
THE SHOCK'LL
KILL HER...
HA-HA-HA...

YOU CAN SAVE HER
BY ROLLING THE LIVE
WIRE AWAY...OF COURSE
YOU DON'T HAVE
RUBBER GLOVES AND
BOOTS LIKE WE DO...
WHO'S IT GONNA BE,
NAMOR, YOU OR
HER? HA HA HA!

NAMORA!
STOP!

DANGER
LIVE
WIRES
10,000
VOLTS



LOOK AT THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!!!

3
IN 1

AIR PISTOL

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Sensational Value!

Sorry, No C.O.D's At These Cash Prices

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FUN for YOU Summer & Winter—Indoors & Outdoors

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3 for \$9.50

Sportsman Jr. Air Pistol

Shoots BB's Darts Pellets

AT LAST---AN AIR PISTOL AT A LOW PRICE. Sensational offer for those who want the thrill of shooting a real AIR PISTOL either INDOORS or OUTDOORS. A great gun that will give you hours and hours of fun.

SHOOTS STANDARD BB's, .177 HARD HITTING PELLETS or STEEL DARTS

IT SHOOTS ALL THREE---regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. Use darts over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall---this gun will be YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.

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.....Packages BB's. (3 packages 25c).

.....Packages .177 Pellets. \$1.50 package of 500.

.....Packages Darts. 35c package.

.....Targets. 25 for 10c; 100 for 25c.

.....Automatic Self-Setting Target, \$3.00.

.....Holsters. 50c Each.

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Air pistols are economical to operate. The ammunition is low priced. When ordering be sure to order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. **Sorry, no C.O.D. shipments at these prices. Shoot safely---do not aim a gun at any object you don't want to hit.**

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Self-Setting Action Target

AUTOMATIC SELF-SETTING TARGET.....\$3.00
Illustrated above. Shoot bears down, bull's eye pops 'em up. Steel construction. Fine indoors or outdoors.

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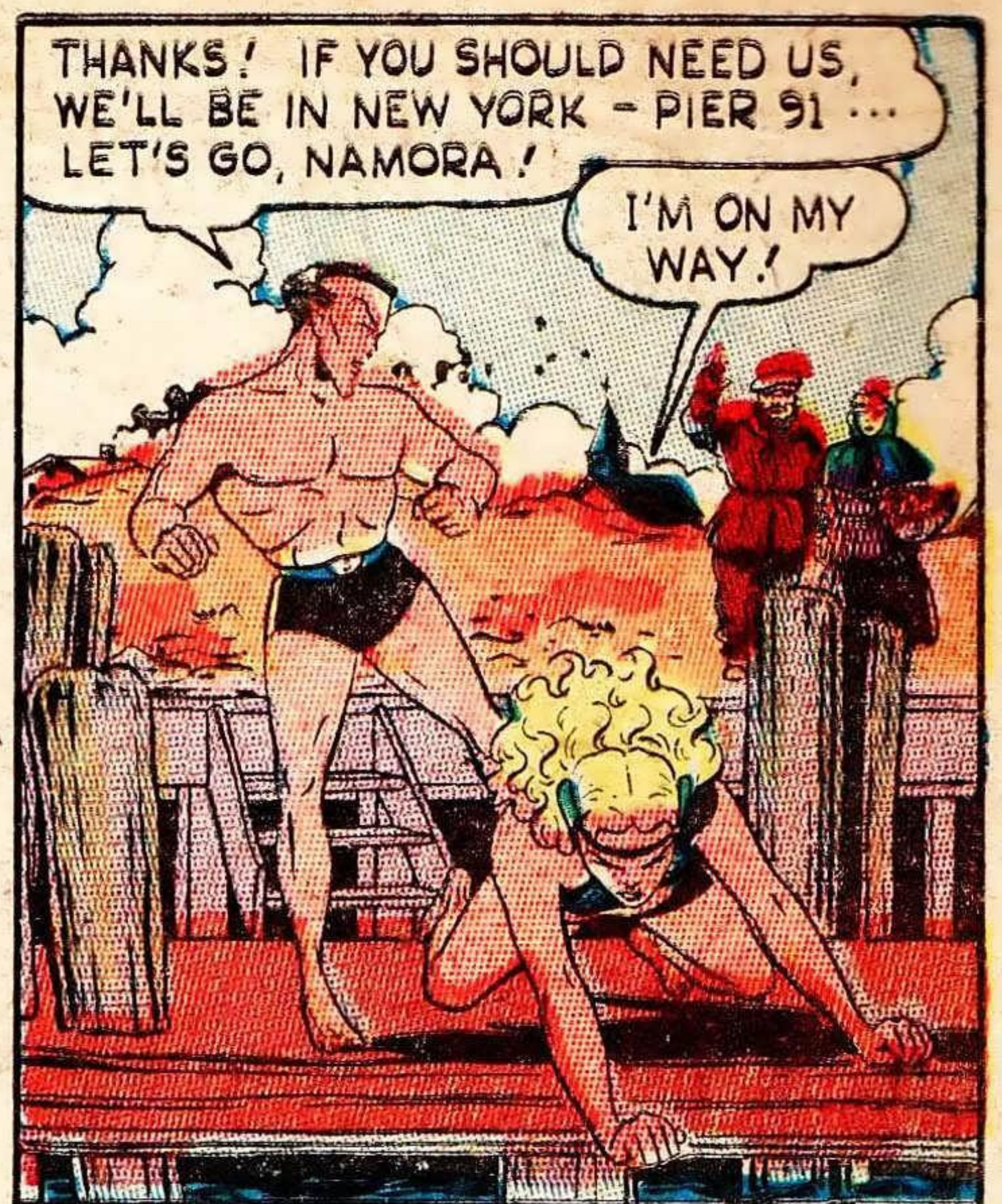
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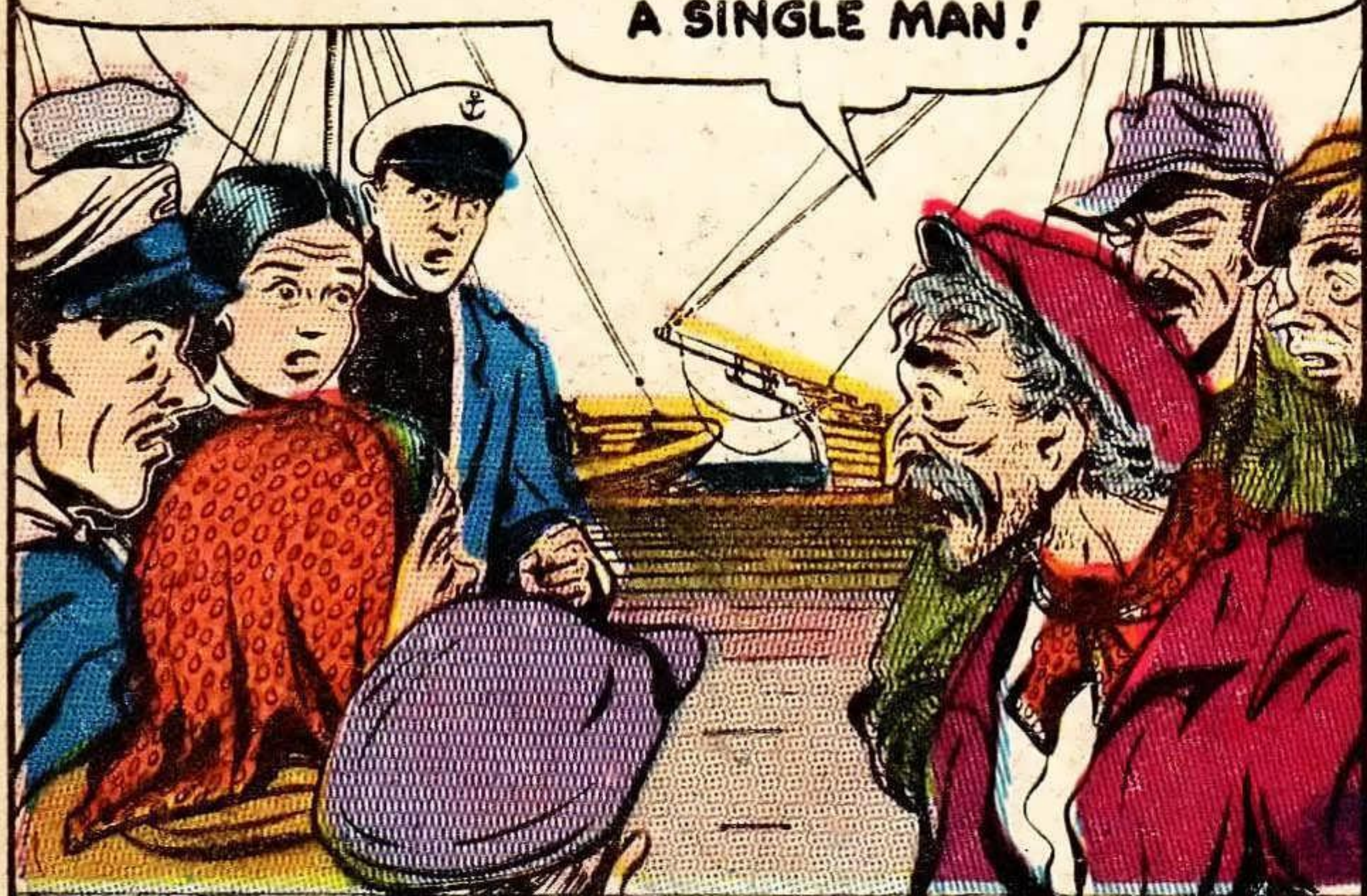
PRINCE NAMOR AND NAMORA PLAY A RETURN ENGAGEMENT IN THE GLACIER-LAND OF LABRADOR - ANSWERING THE APPEAL OF A YOUNG GIRL WHOSE FIANCÉ HAS BECOME A VICTIM OF THE INFAMOUS INTRIGUE OF A CERTAIN FOREIGN FISHERMAN! . . . FACING VIOLENCE AND DEATH, OUR FRIENDS JOIN FORCES TO CRACK

"THE CASE OF THE
FRANTIC FISHERMAN!"



AT TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING, THE FISHING FLEET RETURNS FROM ITS REGULAR TOUR ALONG THE COAST...

PAUL RENAUD'S SHIP WAS LOST! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED - IT JUST SUDDENLY SANK WHEN WE WERE ABOUT THREE MILES OUT! **WE COULDN'T SAVE A SINGLE MAN!**



HA-HA! THOSE STUPID FRENCHMEN! THE SEEDS OF MY PLAN BEGIN TO BEAR FRUIT! THEY ARE A **SUPERSTITIOUS** PEOPLE, AND SOON THEY WILL DESERT THE TOWN - THEN **ALL** THE OIL WILL BE **MINE!**

OOOOH! MY SON! MY BOY! 'TIS AN EVIL OMEN!

MY PIERRE - DEAD! SACRÉ BLEU!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE *BUREAU DE LA SECRETARIAT DE POLICE*...

TWO MORE SHIPS LOST LAST NIGHT, AND **THREE** THIS MORNING, M'SIEU! *C'EST INCREDIBLE!*

SOMETHING **MUST** BE DONE - **AT ONCE!**



...AND SOMETHING **IS** DONE, THAT NIGHT!

MES AMIS! NEVER IN ALL MY YEARS AS **MAYOR** OF THIS FRENCH COLONY HAVE WE HAD SUCH A SERIES OF **CATASTROPHES!** 'TIS AN **ACT OF THE DEVIL!** HE IS **ANGRY** WITH US! WE MUST HAVE **SINNED** - AND NOW WE MUST DO OUR PENANCE! **WE MUST EVACUATE OUR COLONY!**

C'EST VRAI!

OUI!

OUI!



BUT A YOUNGER MEMBER OF THE CROWD WONDERS...

WHERE IS **NELS NELSON**? I'VE NEVER TRUSTED THAT **OLD MAN!** AND HE HASN'T ATTENDED ANY OF THE **MAYOR'S** MEETINGS! **I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!**

OH, JACQUES - BE **CAREFUL!**



...TEN MINUTES LATER, IN THE DARK SHANTY AREA...

HO!

SNOOPIN', EH? TAKE THAT FOR YOUR TROUBLE, MISTER! HUH!

MAYBE I CAN **USE** YOU, NOW THAT YOU'RE **HERE!**



JACQUES DELONG! AND JUST WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO LEARN BY SNOOPING AROUND MY SHANTY?

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE SINKINGS, NELSON! UNTIE THESE ROPES, YOU COWARDLY SQUAREHEAD!



HA-HA! I'M NOT THE FOOL YOU THINK I AM, SONNY! WE'LL JUST SLIP YOU INTO THIS TRUNK, AND CART YOU DOWN TO MY SHIP BEFORE DAWN! YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



TWO DAYS LATER ...

JACQUES HAS DISAPPEARED, AND TWO MORE SHIPS HAVE GONE DOWN! TAKE ME TO THE UNITED STATES, CAPTAIN LAFLEUR! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE SUB-MARINER!



SOON — IN NEW YORK ...

...EET EES MOST MYSTERIOUS, M'SIEU! PLEEESE — YOU HELP US, YES?

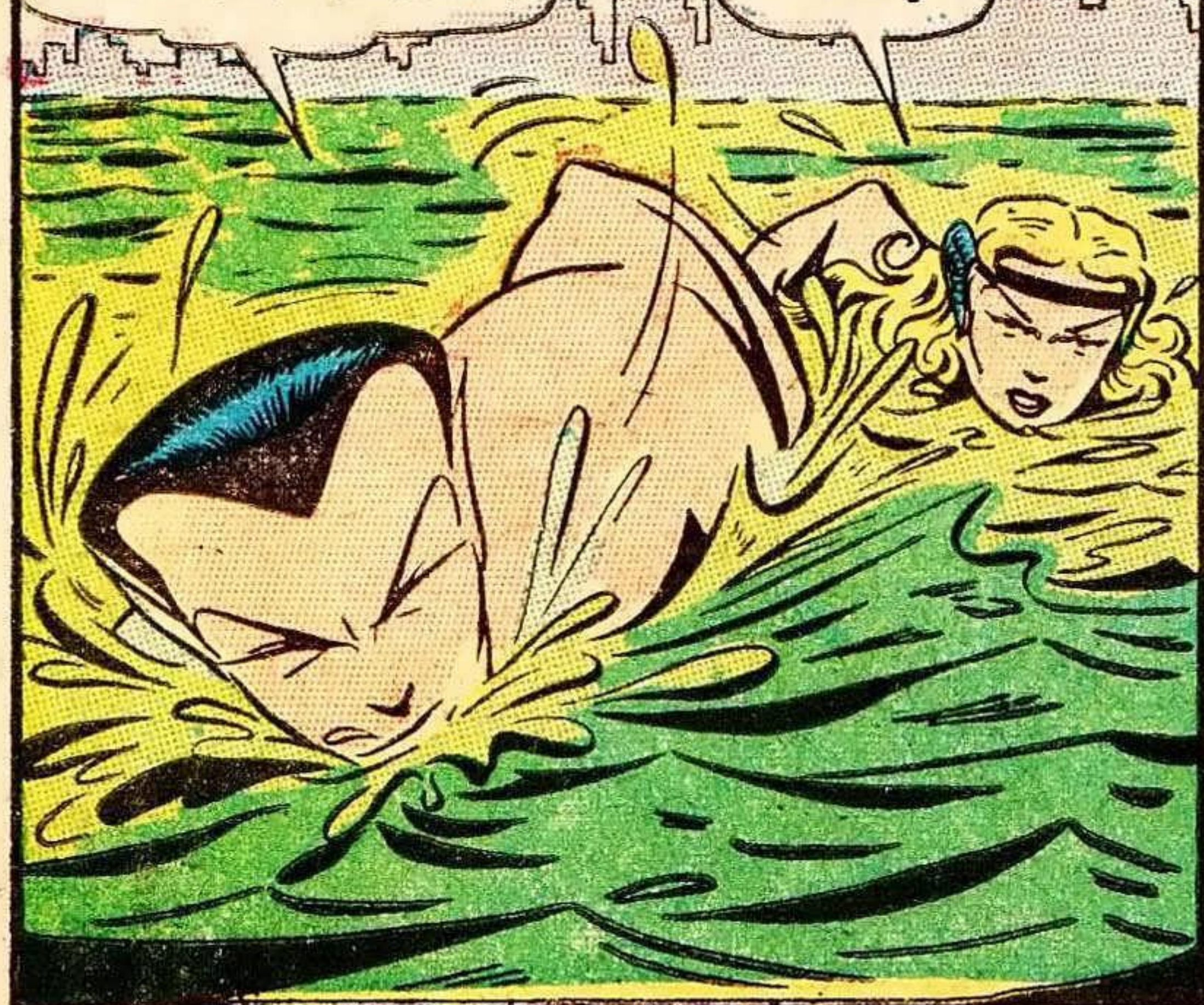
OF COURSE, FLEURETTE! TAKE THE FIRST BOAT BACK, AND WE'LL MEET YOU THERE!



IN TEN MINUTES ...

COME ON, NAMORA! THERE'S DIRTY WORK AHEAD. I'M AFRAID!

SET THE PACE, BOY! I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!



...ARRIVING NEAR OKKAK ...

THE SUB-MARINER! WELCOME!

WE'VE HEARD THE STORY — WHAT'S YOUR OPINION, FRIENDS?

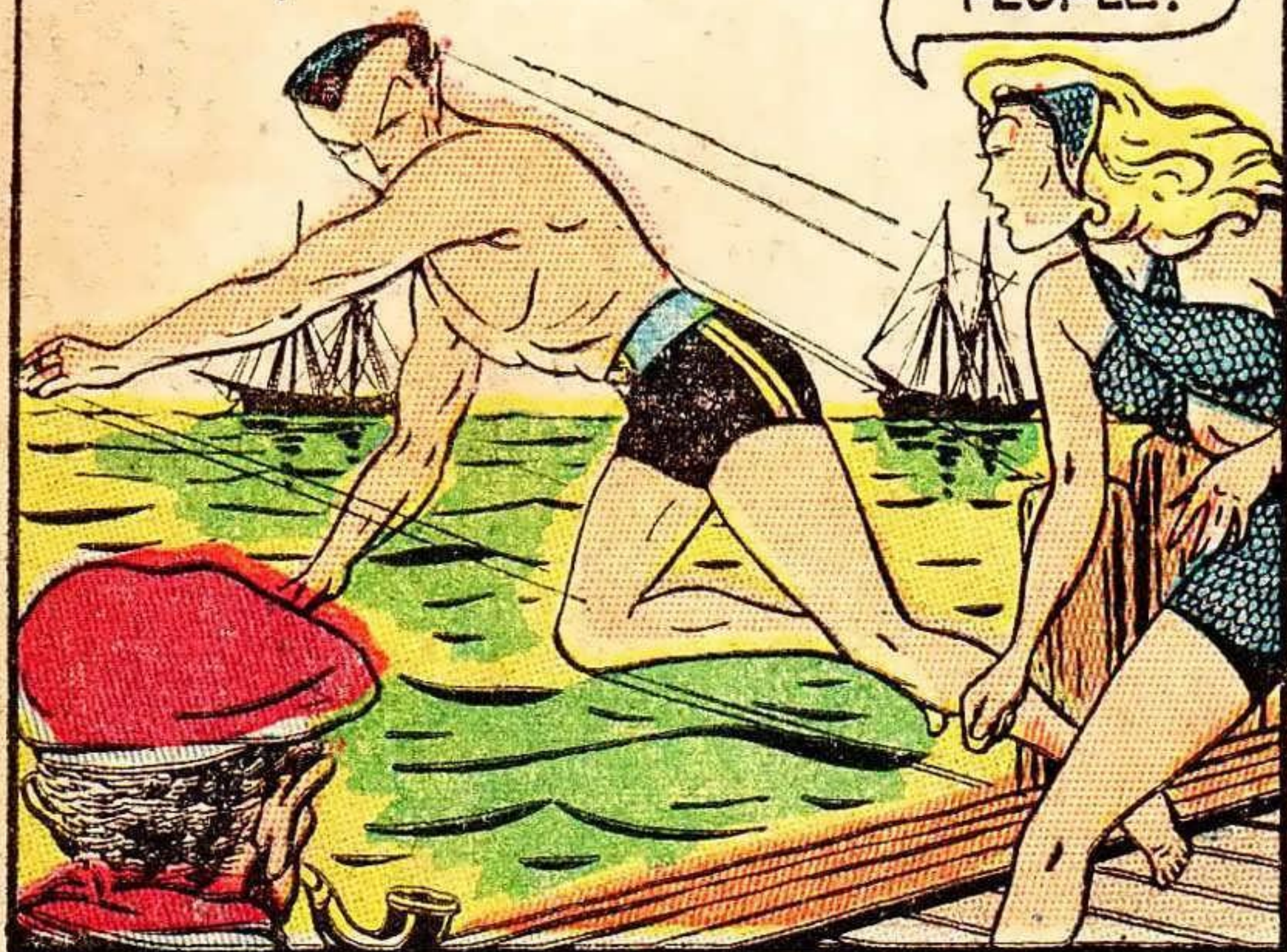
SOME SAY IT'S AN ACT OF THE DEVIL!

SOME SAY NELS NELSON!

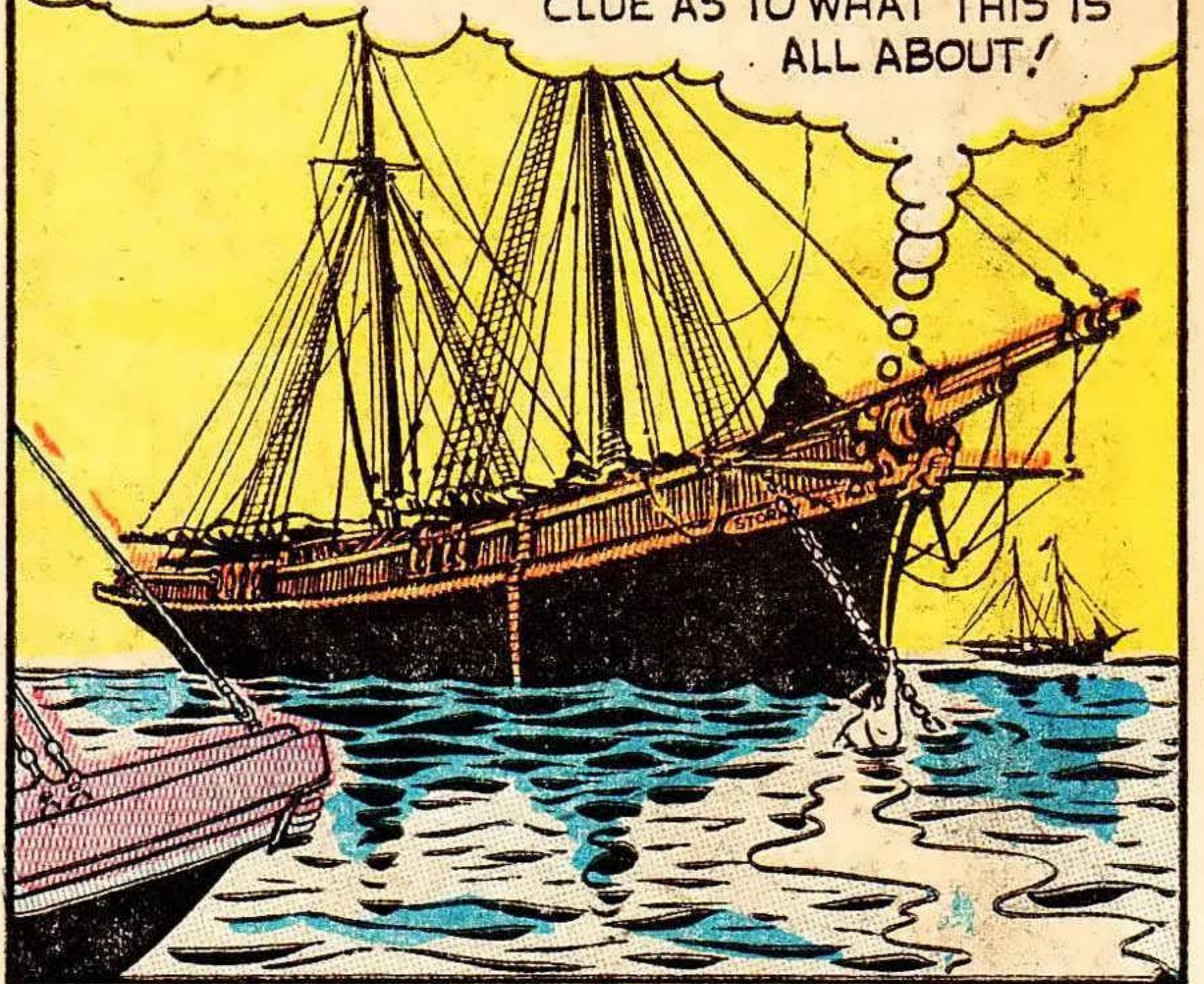


NELS NELSON, THE FISHERMAN? I REMEMBER HIM! YOU STAY HERE, NAMORA — I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT NELSON'S SCHOONER!

I'LL TALK WITH THE TOWNS-PEOPLE!



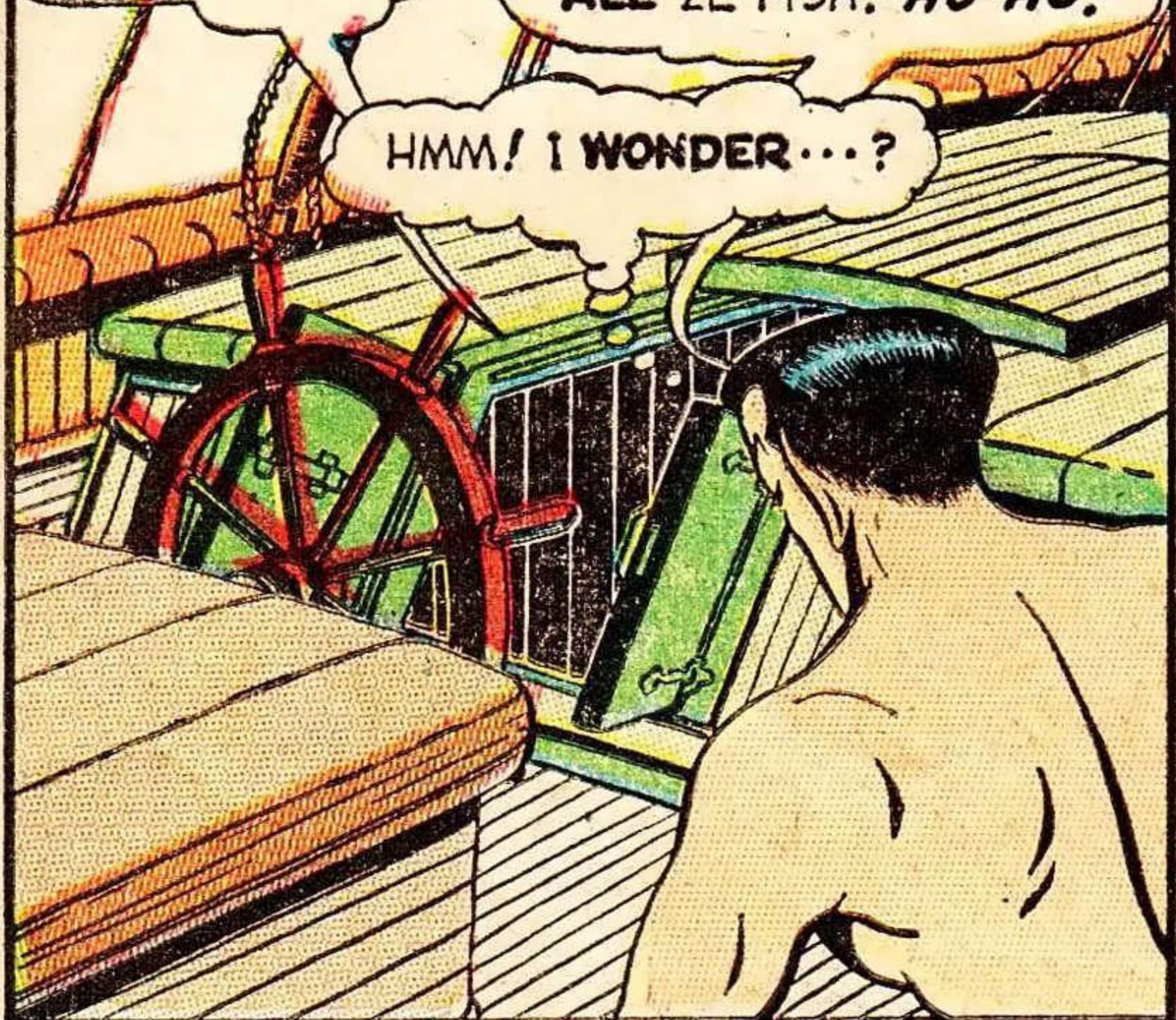
THIS IS IT — THE "STORMY PETREL" — AND NO ONE ON DECK! THE WATCH MUST BE BELOW... IF I CAN BOARD HER UNSEEN, I MAY PICK UP A CLUE AS TO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



HA-HA! ZE ZWEDE CAPITAINE, HE'S CLEVAIR, NO?

MAIS, OUI! HE SCARE ZE OZZER FISHERMEN OFF ZE BANKS — SO HE GET ALL ZE FISH! HO-HO!

HMM! I WONDER...?



HA! ATTENDEZ, HENRI! A SNOOPER!

REGARDEZ-LA! NOZZING BOT ZWIMMING-TRONKS! HE MUST BE COLD, MAURICE!

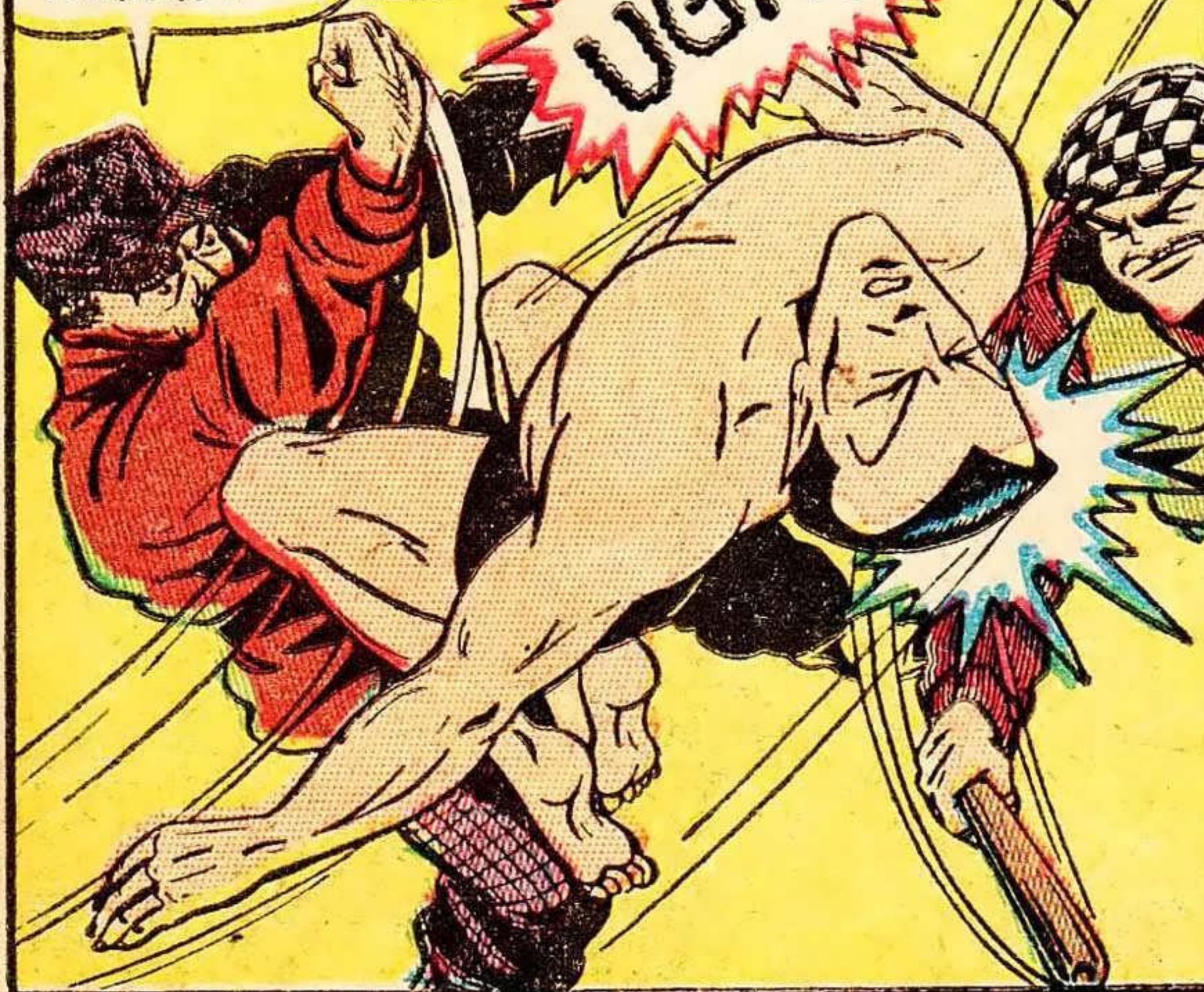
HUH?



OUI, HENRI! SO LET'S WARM HEEM UP A BEET! MAIS NON, HENRI?

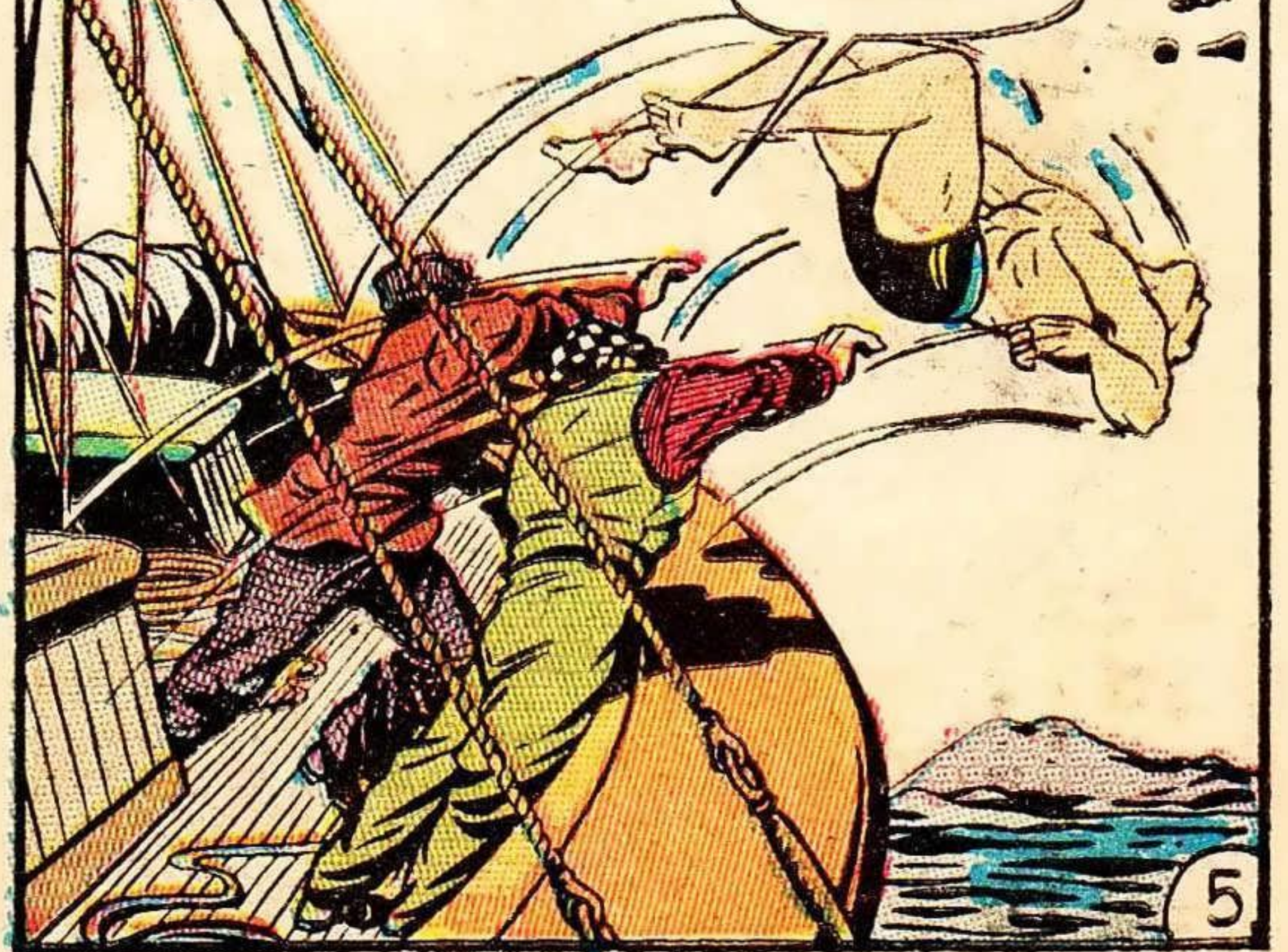
MAIS, OUI, MAURICE!

UGH!



— AND EEN CASE WE GOT HEEM TOO WARM, WE T'ROW HEEM BACK TO ZE WATER — TO COOL OFF! MAIS, NON, HENRI?

MAIS, OUI, MAURICE! HO-HO!



THE SHOCK OF THE COLD WATER, NAMOR'S NATURAL ELEMENT, REVIVES HIM...

WOW! TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER! THEY GOT THE DROP ON ME! OH WELL - NO TIME TO RETALIATE NOW ... GOT TO GET NAMORA!

NAMORA! COME WITH ME! WE'VE GOT TO —

WAIT, NAMOR! THE VILLAGERS ARE LEAVING! I COULDN'T TALK THEM OUT OF IT! YOU HAVE MORE INFLUENCE — STOP THEM!

HOLD UP, EVERYBODY! YOU'RE TOO HASTY! YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME A CHANCE TO HELP YOU! PLEASE — RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!

OUR SORROW IS TOO GREAT!

'TIS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL!

NO! NO! I AM SURE YOU ARE WRONG! I THINK NAMORA AND I CAN PROVE THIS IS THE WORK OF A MAN — AN EVIL MAN! PLEASE CALM DOWN, AND — LET US TRY! COME ON, NAMORA!

WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT —? NAMOR — LISTEN! LOOK!

SMALL-ARMS FIRE! AND THE "STORMY PETREL" BEARING DOWN ON THE "CELESTE!"

CRACK! BANG! BANG!

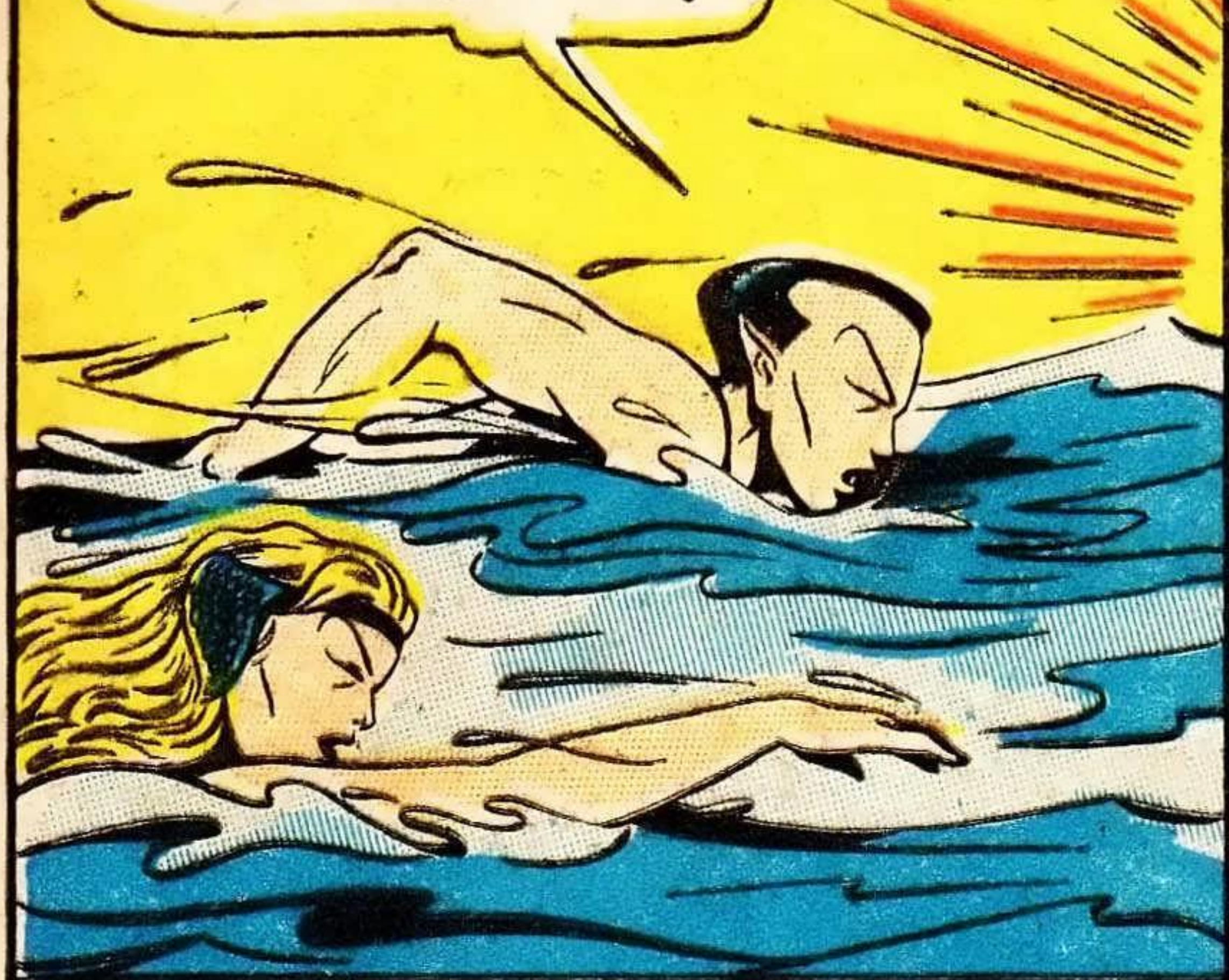
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...

BANG!

CRASH!

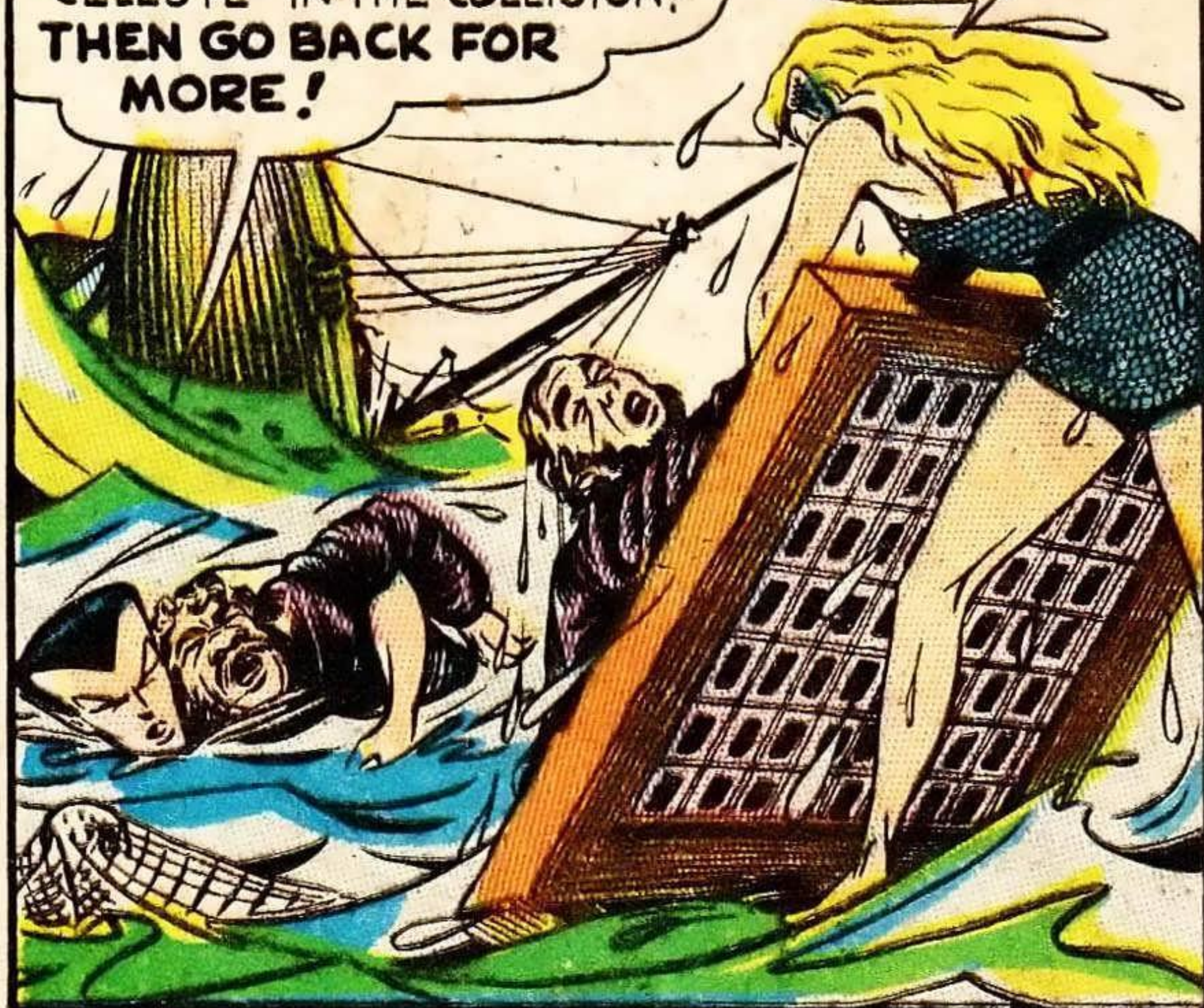
HELP!

**SHE RAMMED THE 'CELESTE' AMIDSHIPS!
LET'S GO, NAMORA! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE AS
MANY OF THE CREW AS WE CAN! THAT WAS
A DIRTY TRICK, BUT — I THINK WE'RE ON
TO THIS THING NOW!**



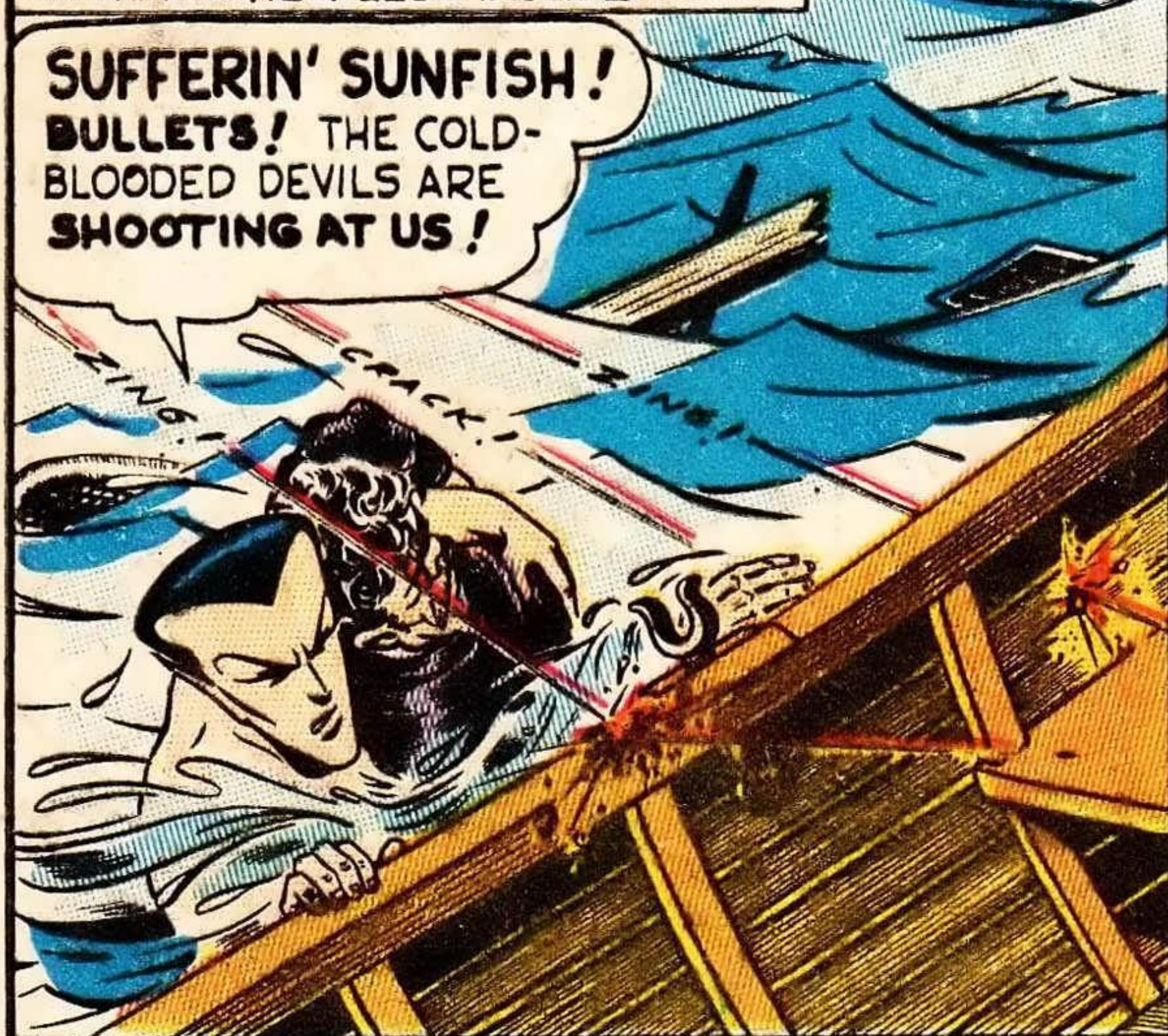
**GOOD GIRL! DUMP HIM
INTO ONE OF THE DORIES
THAT CUT LOOSE FROM THE
'CELESTE' IN THE COLLISION!
THEN GO BACK FOR
MORE!**

**DON'T WORRY, BOY!
WE'LL GET 'EM
ALL!**



**BUT, EVEN AS NAMOR REACHES THE FIRST DORY
WITH HIS HELPLESS BURDEN...**

**SUFFERIN' SUNFISH!
BULLETS! THE COLD-
BLOODED DEVILS ARE
SHOOTING AT US!**



... A MOMENT LATER ...

**THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO US!
COME ON, GIRL — WE'LL GIVE THESE DOGS A
LITTLE SURPRISE!**



**GIVE 'EM THE
'LITTLE HURRICANE',
NAMOR!**



'ROUND AND 'ROUND
WE GO, BOYS!

KYPE!

YEOW!

UGH!



HELP!

SACRÉ
DIABLE!



HIT THE
DECK, NAMORA!
THIS LAD'S TAKING A
LITTLE FLYING TRIP!

ATTABOY!

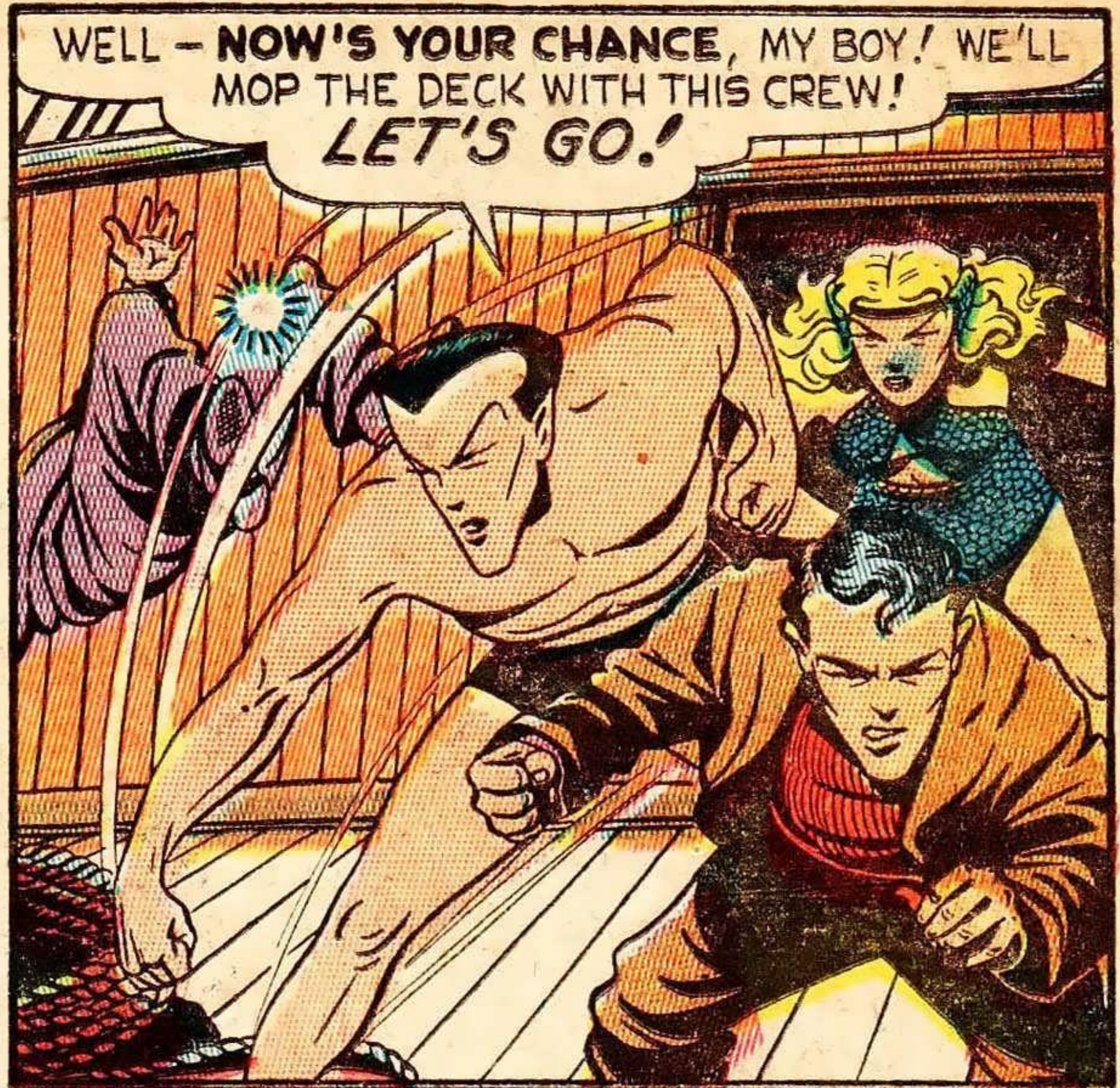


QUICK - WHILE THEY'RE RECOVERING FROM THE
SHOCK! GET BELOW!
I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL
FIND YOUNG DELONG
IN THE HOLD!

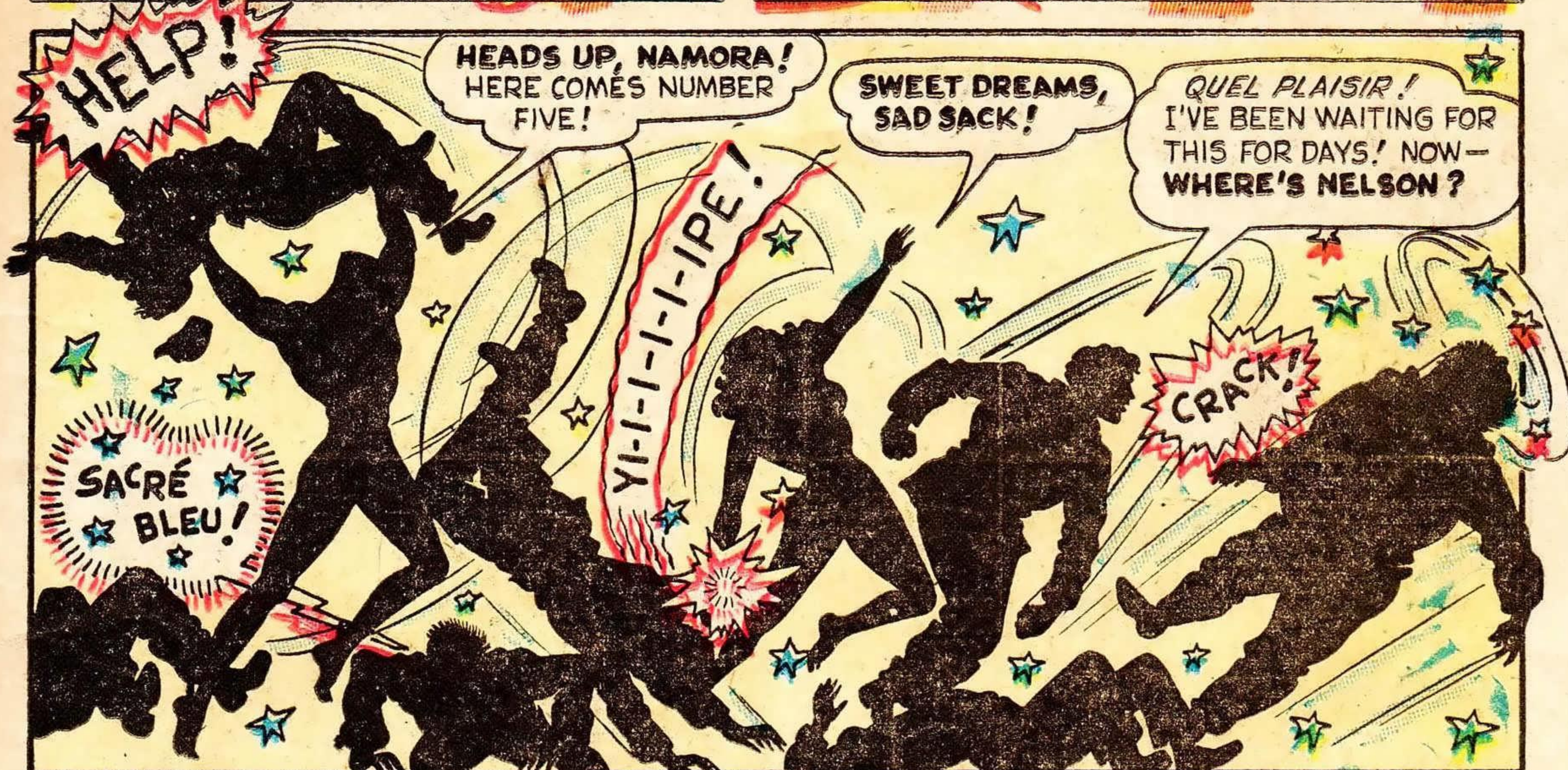


YOU'RE RIGHT, NAMOR!
HOLD STILL WHILE I CUT
YOU LOOSE, JACQUES—
**WE NEED YOU ON
DECK!**

SUB-MARINER!
NAMORA! JUST
WAIT'LL I GET MY
HANDS ON THAT
NELS NELSON IN
A FAIR FIGHT!



WELL — NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, MY BOY! WE'LL
MOP THE DECK WITH THIS CREW!
LET'S GO!



HELP!

HEADS UP, NAMORA!
HERE COMES NUMBER
FIVE!

**SWEET DREAMS,
SAD SACK!**

QUEL PLAISIR!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
THIS FOR DAYS! NOW—
WHERE'S NELSON?

**SACRÉ
BLEU!**

YI-I-I-I-IPE!

CRACK!



**HERE HE IS, JACQUES! HEADING FOR THE
RAIL! ... HOLD HARD, NELSON —
THE JIG'S UP!**

**MAKE HIM
CONFESS,
NAMOR!**



**LET ME GO! LET ME GO! I'LL
TELL EVERYTHING! I D-D-DISCOVERED
OIL ON MY P-PROPERTY A W-WEEK AGO!
OIL, D'YE UNDERSTAND? I'M A RICH MAN!
BUT I HAD TO D-DRIVE EVERYONE AWAY FROM
THE T-TOWN BEFORE THEY D-DISCOVERED IT
TOO! SO I D-DECIDED T-TO KILL OFF ALL
THE FRENCH
FISHERMEN!**

THAT DOES IT! THERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE SINKINGS AND DISAPPEARANCES!

ALL HANDS ALOFT!

WE'RE TAKING THIS **MURDERER** ASHORE!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ...

GET ASHORE, YOU!

HERE'S THE CAUSE OF YOUR SORROW, FOLKS! HE'S CONFESSED **EVERYTHING!**

TO THE STOCKS WITH HIM!

KILLER!

FIEND!

MURDERER!



FIEND OF A FIEND!

HANG HIM!

MONSTER!

SO IT'S **OIL** HE WANTS IS IT? WELL, **GIVE IT TO HIM— DROWN HIM IN IT!**

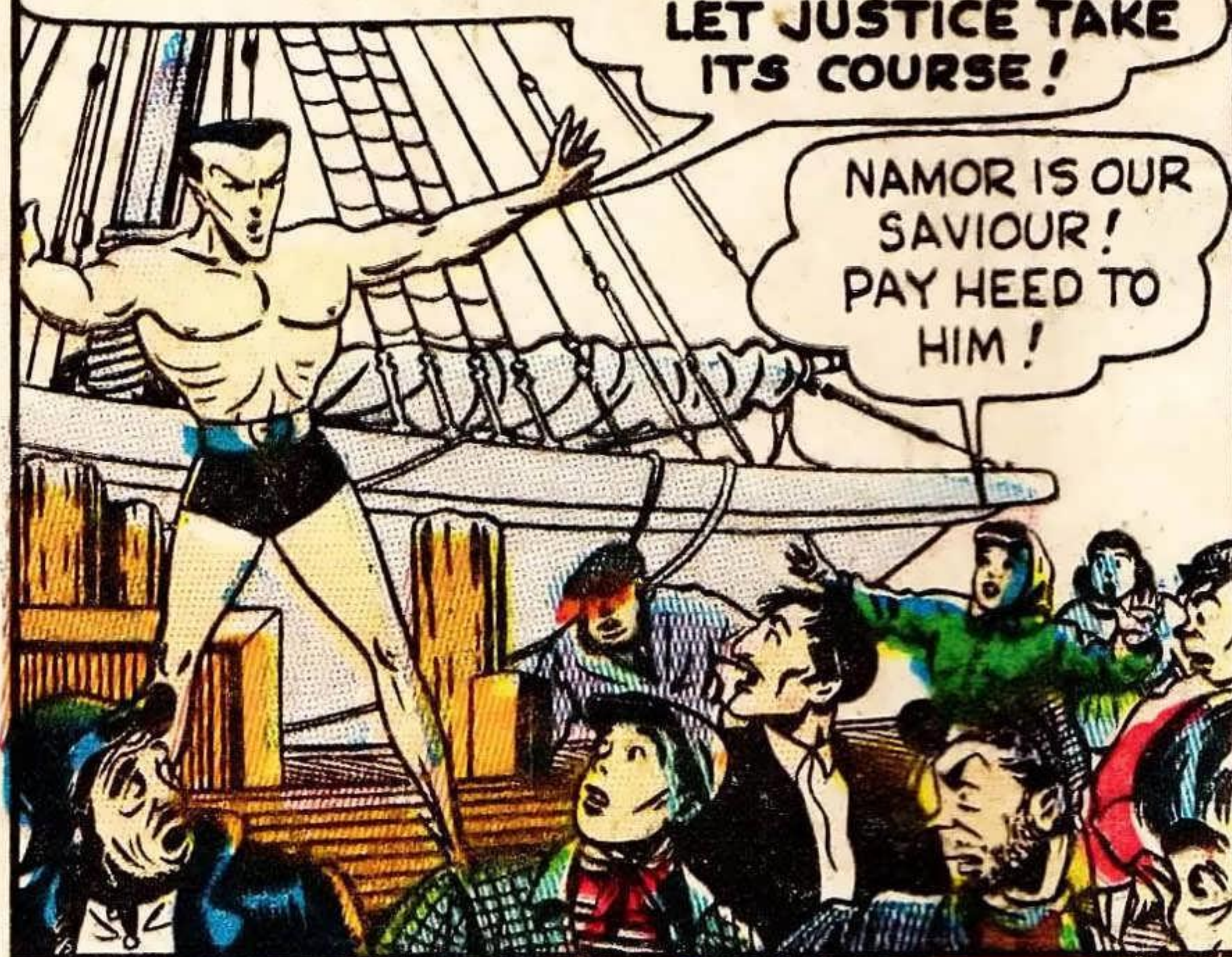
GARROTE HIM!



STOP! STOP! NO VIOLENCE!

YOU HAVE **CIVIL COURTS** TO DEAL WITH SUCH CRIMINALS! LET **THEM** DECIDE HIS FATE! NOW— **BREAK THIS UP!** GO HOME AND— LET **JUSTICE** TAKE ITS COURSE!

NAMOR IS OUR SAVIOUR! PAY HEED TO HIM!

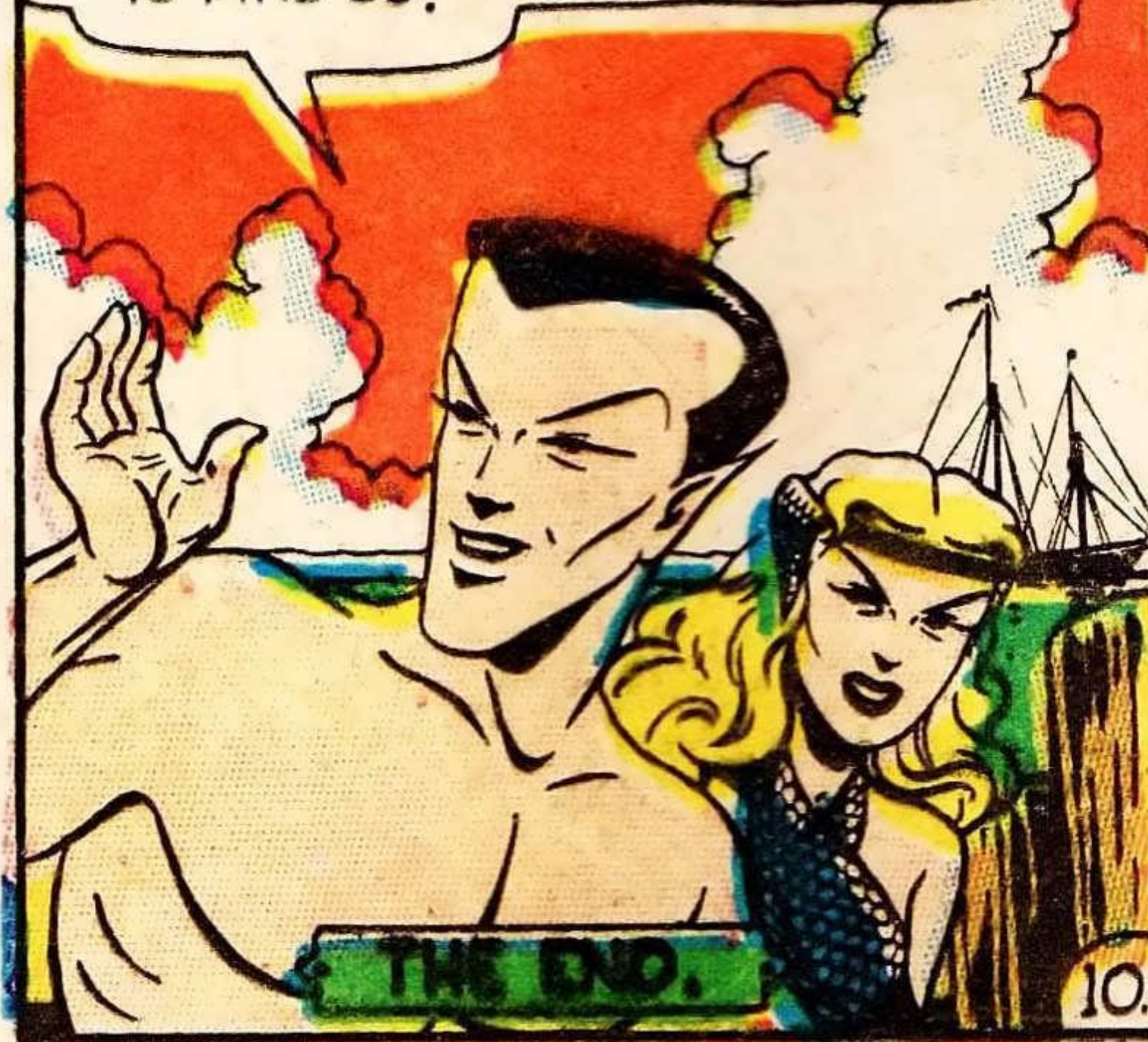


MON DIEU! HE IS **RIGHT!** THIS IS FOR THE **GENDARMERIE** TO HANDLE! THE COURTS WILL HEAR **NELSON'S** DEFENSE, AND HE WILL BE TRIED **JUSTLY!** AS FOR THE **OIL**—IN MY CAPACITY AS **MAYOR**, I PROCLAIM IT **COMMUNITY PROPERTY!**

HURRAY! AND THREE CHEERS FOR THE **SUB-MARINER!**



SO LONG, FOLKS! GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU! IF YOU EVER NEED US AGAIN, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND US!



THE END.

**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

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SEND NO MONEY!
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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded PLUS ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE!

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GIRLS-BOYS!
MAKE YOUR SCHOOL
WORK PLEASANT
EASY, QUICK WITH
THIS WONDERFUL
COMBINATION PEN
AND PENCIL!



**BALL POINT
PEN ON
THIS END**



LOOK!
UP TO 3
YEARS INK
SUPPLY

**LOOK—ALL METAL
STREAMLINED
SATIN FINISH
UNBREAKABLE
BARREL.**

**LOOK—
NOT \$15.00
NOT \$10.00
NOT EVEN
\$5.00—BUT
ONLY \$1.95**

**ONLY
\$1.95**

**LOOK! A QUALITY
PENCIL WITH PROPEL,
REPEL, EXPEL ACTION
—COMPLETE WITH
LEADS AND ERASERS**

MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THIS END

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COUPON
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Send me 1948 Ball Point Pen and Mechanical Pencil unit. When package arrives, I will pay postman \$1.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not 100% satisfied, I will return it for my \$1.95.

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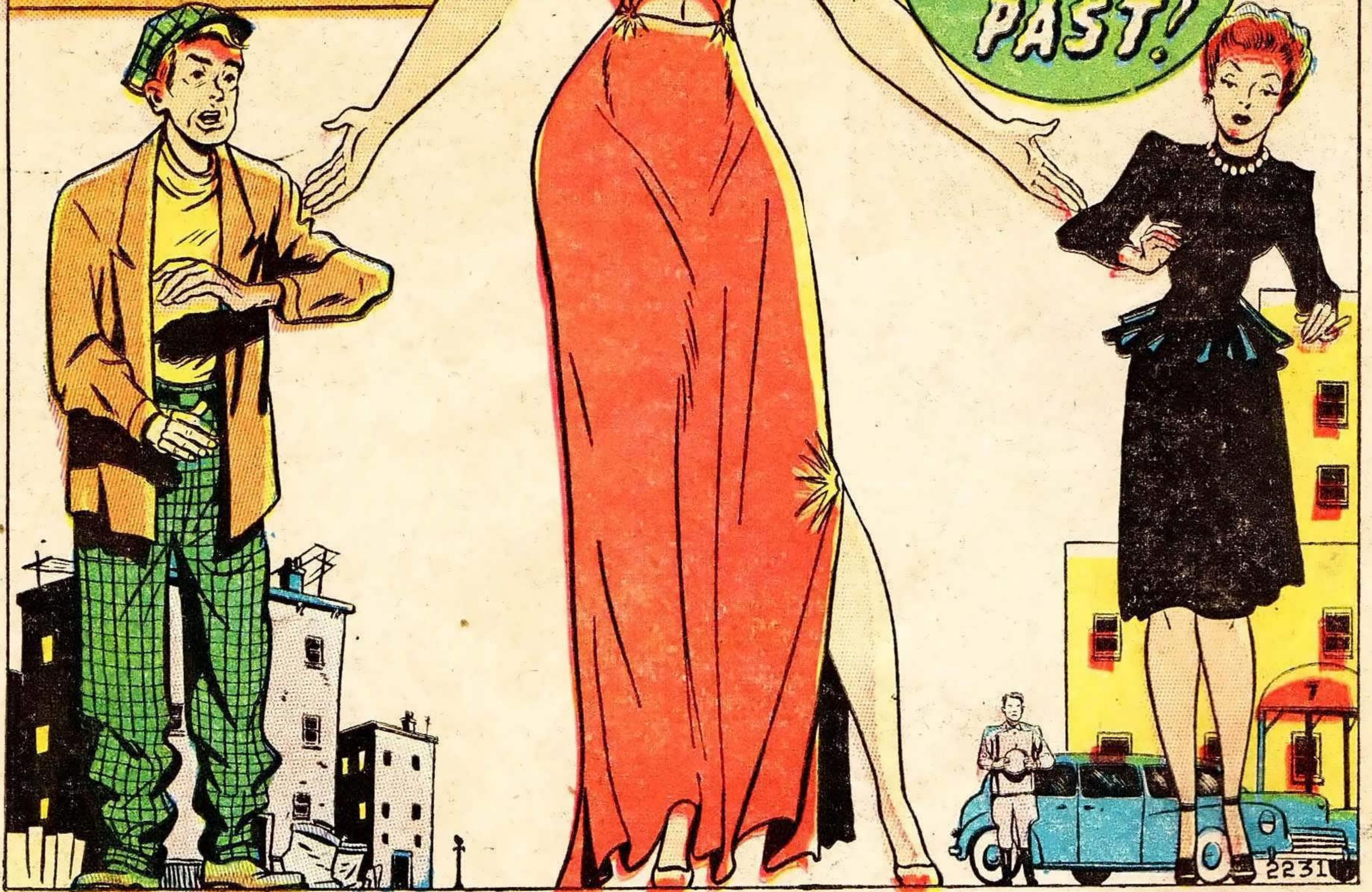
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BLONDE PHANTOM

WHAT WAS THE SECRET BETWEEN THESE TWO PEOPLE? ONE, A WOMAN OF QUALITY, RICH, BEAUTIFUL, RESPECTED... THE OTHER A LAWLESS HOODLUM! WHAT STRANGE FATE HAD BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER, IN THIS AMAZING TALE OF TRAGEDY AND VIOLENCE!

BACK FROM THE PAST!



IN THE OFFICE OF MARK MASON, PRIVATE DETECTIVE ...

MR. MASON, I CAN AFFORD TO PAY \$1,000 TO FIND MY BROTHER, SNIFF MARTIN! PERHAPS MORE... IF NECESSARY!

QUITE A LOT OF MONEY TO FIND A MISSING PERSON, MRS. BARROWS! THE POLICE ...



OH, NO! THE POLICE WOULD NEVER DO!

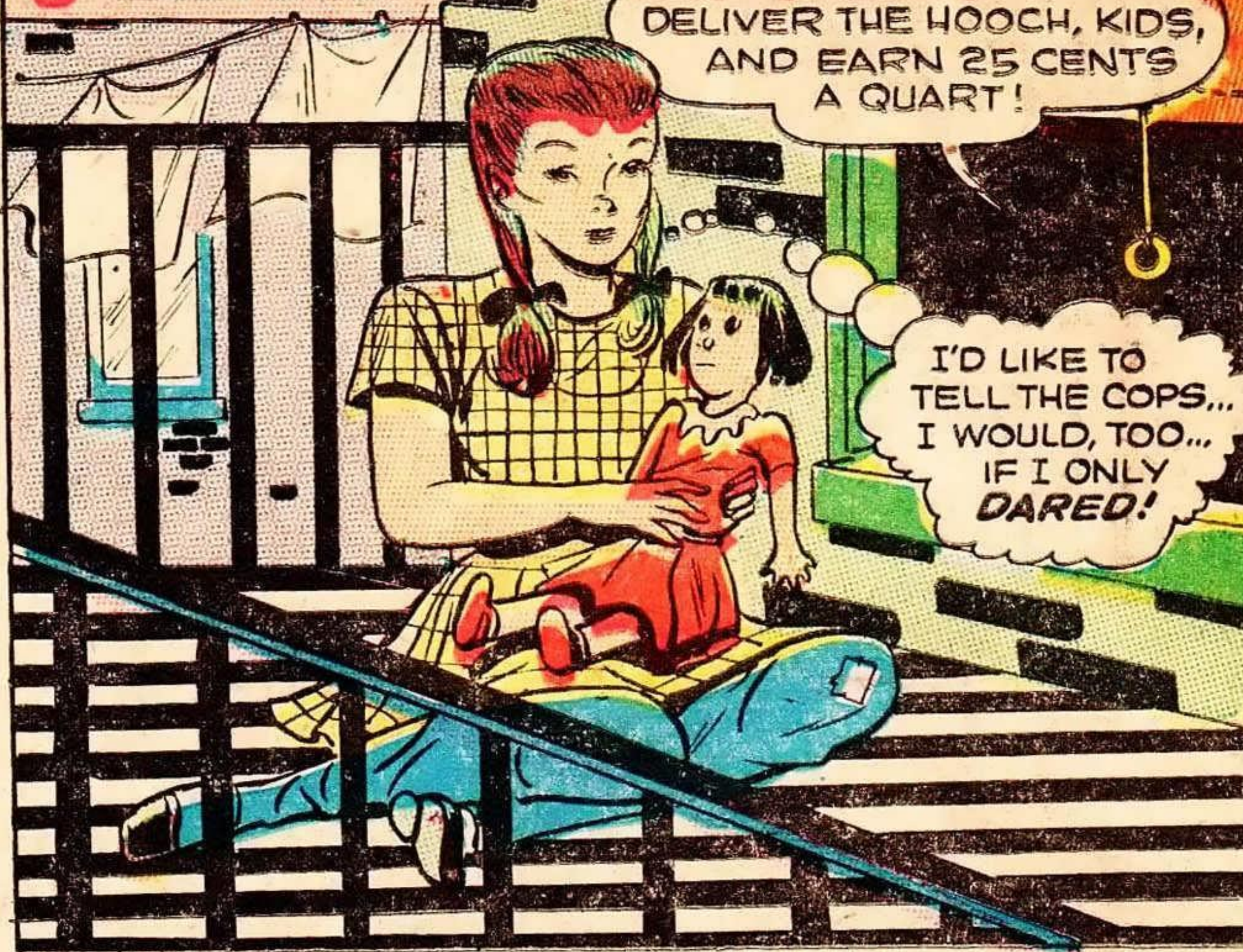
I SEE! YOU WANT MY HELP TO SETTLE A PERSONAL SCORE, PRIVATELY! A STRANGE ATTACHMENT FOR YOUR BROTHER!



NOT SUCH A STRANGE ATTACHMENT, IF YOU KNEW HOW WE GREW UP, WITH ONLY UNCLE JACK TO TAKE CARE OF US! IT MIGHT HELP TO FIND SNIFF IF YOU KNEW ABOUT DELANCEY STREET AND UNCLE JACK!



UNCLE JACK WAS A SMALL-TIME BOOTLEGGER IN THOSE DAYS!

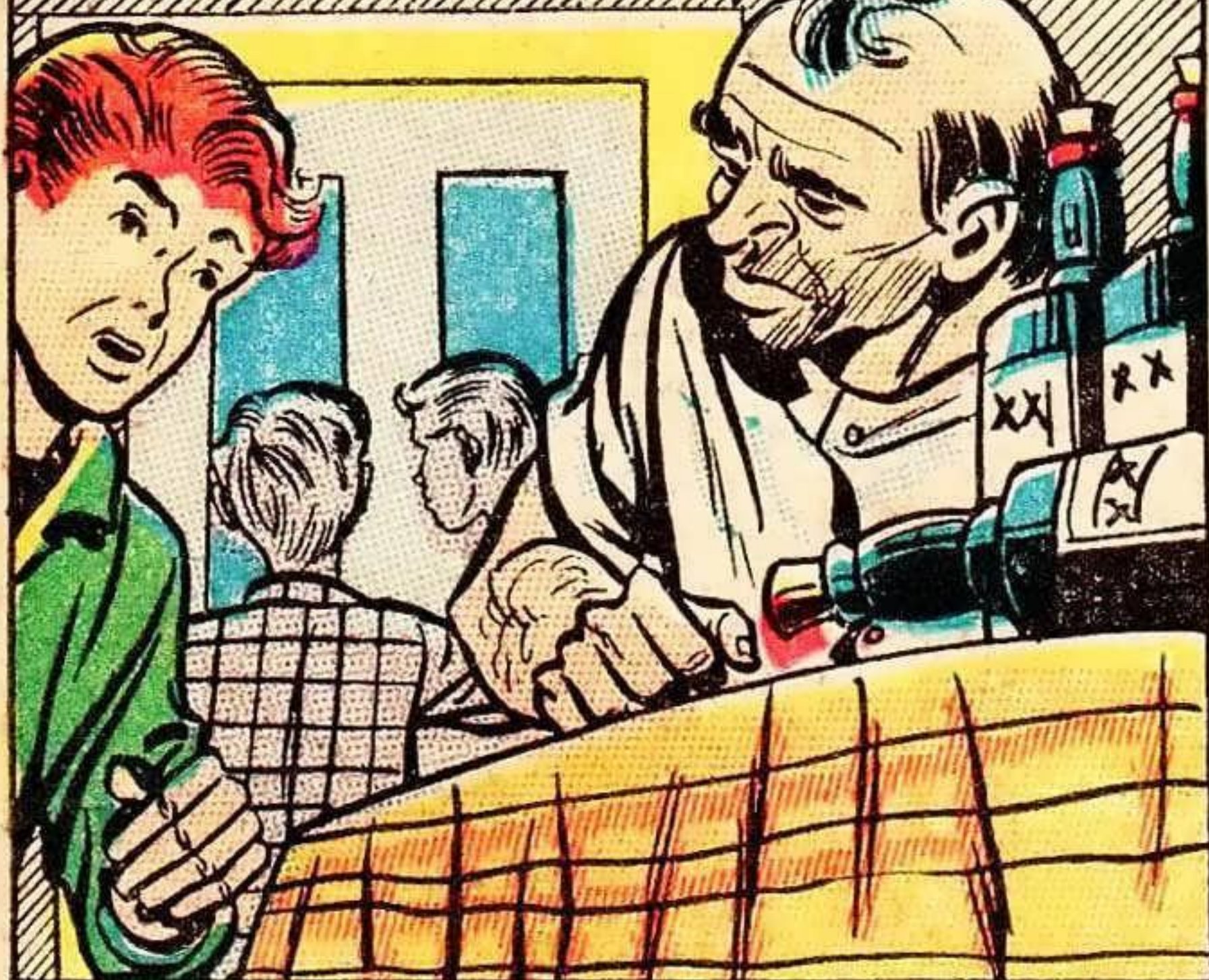


DELIVER THE HOOCH, KIDS, AND EARN 25 CENTS A QUART!

I'D LIKE TO TELL THE COPS... I WOULD, TOO... IF I ONLY DARED!

I AIN'T FEELIN' SO GOOD, UNCLE JACK!

DON'T HAND ME THAT... YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER'N THOSE KIDS... HONEST, LITTLE SNIFF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY!



YOU GOT FUNNY IDEAS THAT NEED BEATING OUT! A KID'S GOTTA EARN HIS KEEP AND OBEY HIS GUARDIAN, SEE?



STOP THAT, UNCLE JACK! STOP IT!

WELL, IF THAT ISN'T CRIMINAL! MUTINY UNDER MY OWN ROOF!



OOOH-H!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! WE'RE GONNA SETTLE SOMETHING, RIGHT NOW!

DON'T HURT SALLY... PLEASE! IT'S MY FAULT!



I OUGHT TO BLOODY THE BOTH OF YOU... BUT, I WON'T! I'M JUST SAYING FOR THE LAST TIME, THAT YOU...SNIFF EARN YOUR KEEP... OR SALLY GOES OFF TO AN ORPHANAGE!

ALL RIGHT! I GUESS I HAVE TO!





AND NO MONKEYSHINES!

WE COULD RUN AWAY, SNIFF!

YEAH?

RUN AWAY TO **WHERE?** NOPE, SALLY, IT'S BETTER HERE THAN AN ORPHANAGE... FOR YOU!



SNIFF, YOU'RE THE **DEAREST** BROTHER IN ALL THE **WORLD!**

A-AW! SOMEDAY... MAYBE I CAN **REALLY** DO SOMETHING FOR YOU, SALLY, FOR FIGHTIN' HALF MY BATTLES, THE WAY YOU DO!



THAT WAS HOW SNIFF AND I GREW UP, MR. MASON! IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, I SUPPOSE, BUT, IT WAS VERY BAD FOR SNIFF... IT HAD A LOT TO DO WITH THE WAY HE THOUGHT AND ACTED, LATER ON!



YOU DIDN'T DO SO BADLY, MRS. BARROWS... MARRIED TO WEALTHY MR. CLYDE BARROWS!

...BUT I WAS STRONGER... AND JACK LET ME ALONE PRETTY MUCH! I WASN'T USED TO BOOTLEGGING HOODLUMS, THE WAY SNIFF WAS BY THE TIME HE WAS 19!



UNCLE JACK WAS DEAD, THEN! AND SNIFF WAS PART OF RABBIT REGAN'S GANG!

HONEST, RABBIT! THERE WAS 5 WITH GUNS... I HAD TO LEAVE, OR GET **BUMPED!**

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN... **ISN'T** GOING TO BE MUCH BETTER!



SALLY!

QUICK! SNIFF... INTO THE HOUSE!



SALLY, I'M SCARED! I **NEVER** BEEN SO SCARED!

THAT SETTLES IT! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF TOWN, SNIFF! **BOTH** OF US HAVE TO GET AS FAR FROM THIS AWFUL PLACE AS WE CAN!



LEAVING? **NOTHING FOR NOWHERE!** JUST ANOTHER PLACE WHERE PEOPLE KICK YOU AROUND! BUT, DON'T FORGET, SALLY, I ONLY GOT **ONE** THING THAT MATTERS... **YOU...** AND SOMEDAY ...

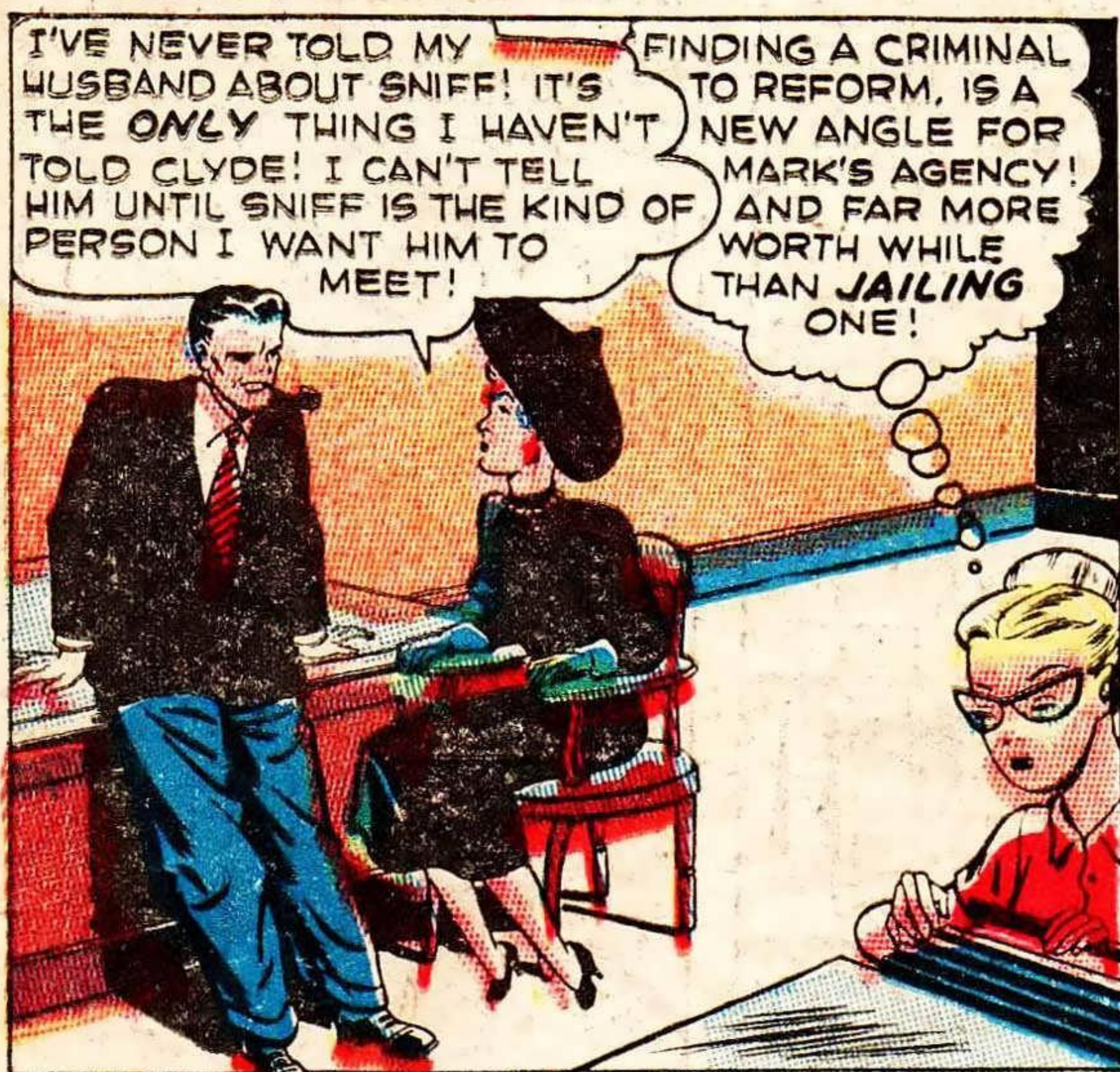
THERE **WON'T** BE A SOMEDAY, SNIFF. IF YOU DON'T GET AN HONEST JOB!



YOU SEE HOW IT WAS, MR. MASON? SNIFF **DIDN'T** GET AN HONEST JOB!



HE WENT TO PRISON FOR ROBBING A SAFE! HE'S GOT A CRIMINAL RECORD... AND PROBABLY'S HARD AS NAILS! BUT, HE STILL WANTS TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME... **KEEP HIS TROUBLES OUT OF MY LIFE!**



I'VE NEVER TOLD MY HUSBAND ABOUT SNIFF! IT'S THE **ONLY** THING I HAVEN'T TOLD CLYDE! I CAN'T TELL HIM UNTIL SNIFF IS THE KIND OF PERSON I WANT HIM TO MEET!

FINDING A CRIMINAL TO REFORM, IS A NEW ANGLE FOR MARK'S AGENCY! AND FAR MORE WORTH WHILE THAN **JAILING** ONE!



THERE ISN'T MUCH TO HELP YOUR SEARCH, MR. MASON, EXCEPT, SNIFF ALWAYS DRANK AT **PIETRO MARTINELLI'S...** AND THERE'S THE OLD TENEMENT AT **16 DELANCEY ST.!**

FIRST ... MARTINELLI'S... AS THE **BLONDE PHANTOM!**

MEMO ...HAD TO LEAVE IN A HURRY, MARK! I'LL TRAN-SCRIBE MY NOTES TOMORROW!
Louise



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN MARTINELLI'S BAR ...

THANK YOU, MISS!

YOU LOOK FOR SNIFF MARTIN, HUH? HE DONE SOMETHING, MAYBE? SOMETHING HE CAN GO TO JAIL FOR?

NO! I WANT HIM TO **STAY OUT** OF JAIL!



THAT'S TOO BAD! ME AND THE BLIND MAN THINK THE SHRIMP, HE OUGHT TO **STAY** IN JAIL!

WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, PIETRO?

"WHAT'S THE MATTER? PLENTY, THAT'S WHAT! I WATCH THE SHRIMP WHEN HE FIRST GET OUT OF JAIL...I DON'T LIKE WHAT I SEE ..."

HERE Y'ARE, BUDDY!

THANKS, MISTER!



I SEE YOU, SNIFF! YOU PUT IN 5¢... YOU TAKE OUT 25¢! YOU WANT A BUST IN THE NOSE, MAYBE?

LAY OFF, PIETRO! I DIDN'T MEAN NOthin'! IT WAS JUST A JOKE!



A JOKE? SUCH A CROOK! HE HAS TO STEAL OFF A BLIND MAN! PIETRO DOES NOT WELCOME SUCH CROOKS IN HIS PLACE!

THEN, HE HASN'T BEEN AROUND, SINCE?



NAH, BUT I TELL YOU WHERE YOU MAY FIND THE SHRIMP... THAT BUSTED BUILDING ... PIETRO IS NOT STOOL-PIGEON, BUT, HE DON'T LIKE SNIFF!

THANKS, PIETRO!



WHY, IT'S 16 DELANCEY ST! THE TENEMENT WHERE SALLY AND SNIFF LIVED AS KIDS! BOARDED UP, THOUGH...

GIMME A BREAK, KIDS... WHERE IS HE?



HONEST, COPPER, WE AIN'T SEEN HIM IN 3 DAYS! THAT GUY AIN'T AROUND SO MUCH ... NOW THAT HE KNOWS WE WON'T FEED HIM!

BUT, HE DOES STILL LIVE HERE?



SURE, HE STILL SLEEPS IN THE DUMP... SOMETIMES!

YOU KNOW WHERE SNIFF GETS HIS MONEY, NOW, GEORGIE?



ROBBIN' NEWS-STANDS, MAYBE! SNIFF MARTIN AIN'T GOT THE GUTS OF A LOUSE! HE EVEN SHAKES WHEN HE SEES A COP, MR. FALK!





CAN YOU IMAGINE HIS NERVE? LOAFING, SCARED OF HIS SHADOW, BUT, STILL BRAGGING..."

I WAS HOT WITH TH' SAFES, KIDS... (SNIFF)... BEFORE I WENT TO JAIL... I LOST MY NERVE, I GUESS!

STRICTLY A HAS-BEEN!



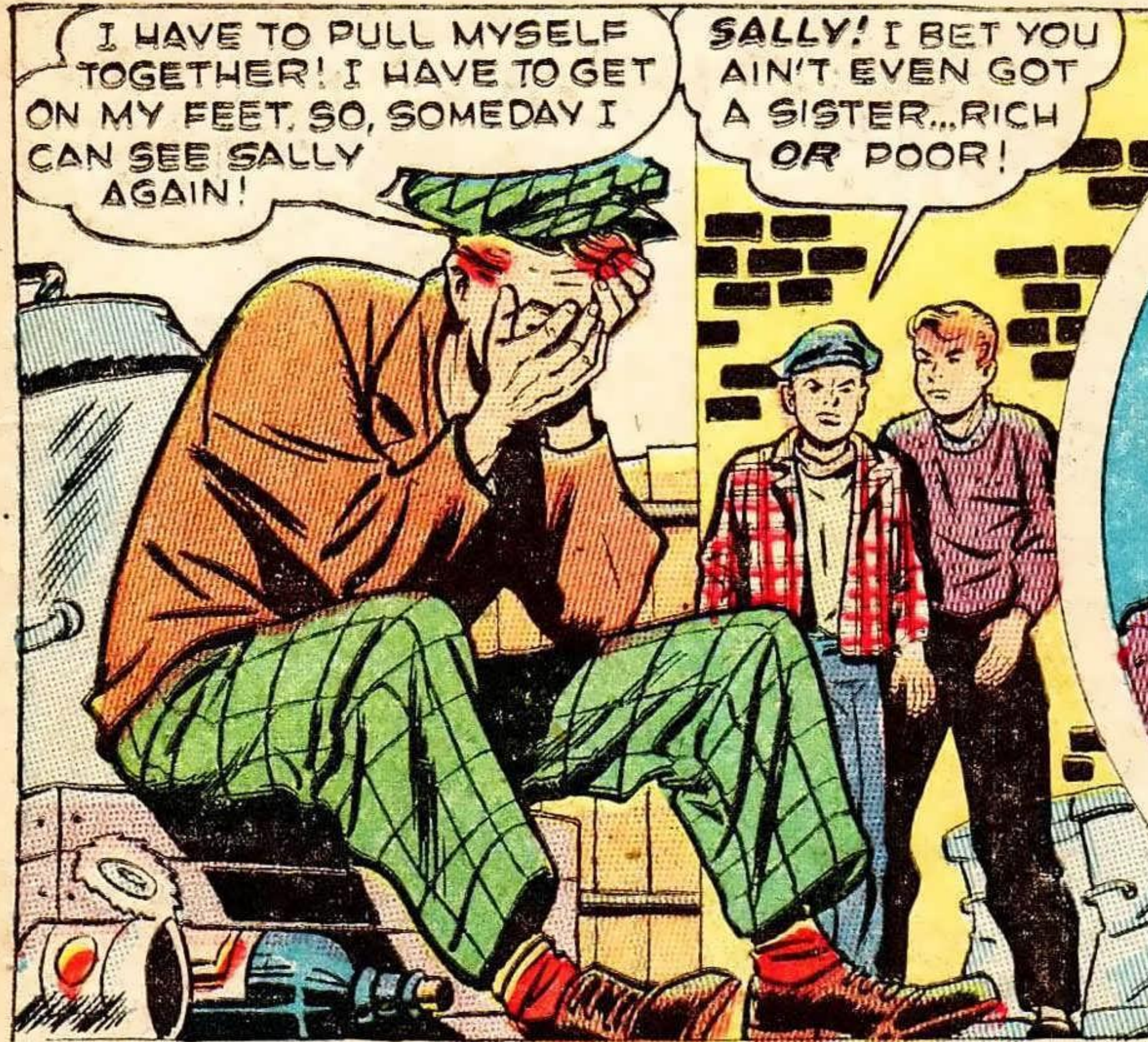
PLEASE! JUST HALF A BUCK, LIKE GOOD KIDS? I CAN TELL YOU PLENTY ABOUT OPENING CRACKER BOXES WITH NITRO!

GET THAT GUY! SPILLING ADVICE LIKE A BIG SHOT!



LISSSEN, SNIFF... GO BLOW YER NOSE SOMEWHERE ELSE! WE AIN'T INTERESTED IN BECOMIN' CROOKS!

IF I COULD ONLY GET MY NERVE BACK!



I HAVE TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER! I HAVE TO GET ON MY FEET, SO, SOMEDAY I CAN SEE SALLY AGAIN!

SALLY! I BET YOU AIN'T EVEN GOT A SISTER... RICH OR POOR!



WHY DON'T YOU LOOK UP GUNNER MALONE? HE CAN ALWAYS USE A SAFE-CRACKER!



YOU HUNTING SNIFF FOR ANY PARTICULAR REASON, OFFICER?

THE BLONDE PHANTOM! WHY, UH, YES! VIOLATION OF PAROLE... HE HASN'T REPORTED!



AFTER THE OFFICER HAS LEFT, THE BLONDE PHANTOM DOES A LITTLE MORE SLEUTHING ...

VERY INTERESTING! WHAT WOULD SNIFF BE DOING WITH A NEWS ITEM LIKE THIS, IF HE DIDN'T KNOW SALLY'S MARRIED NAME... OR DOES HE?

MR AND MRS. CLYDE BARROWS RESIDING TEMPORARILY AT THE CARLETON HOTEL WHILE THEIR HOME IS BEING RENOVATED...

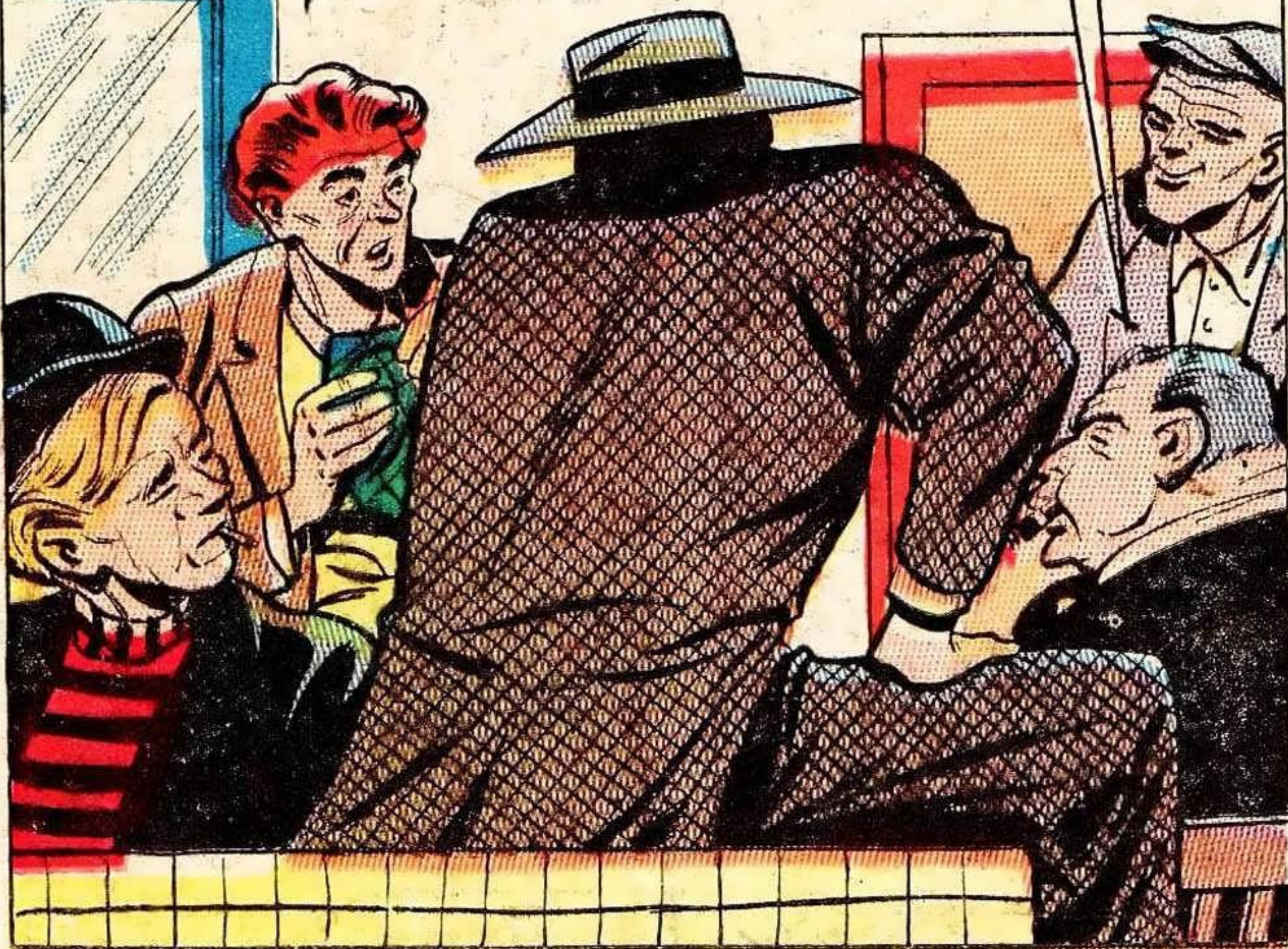


HELLO, MARK! JUST PICKED UP SOMETHING INTERESTING! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU... SURE, YOUR OFFICE! RIGHT AWAY!

AND WHAT HAS SNIFF BEEN DOING?

GUNNER, I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A GOOD SAFE-CRACKER?

YEAH, I COULD USE A GOOD ONE, BUT THAT AIN'T YOU! SCRAM, PUNK!



WHY NOT TAKE HIM ON, GUNNER? STRICTLY TO MAKE LAUGHS FER D' GUNNER! WE COULD HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH HIM!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! HEY, PUNK, COME BACK HERE! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!



YOU MEAN IT, GUNNER? GEE, THANKS!

YEAH...IN FACT, WE'LL TRY YOU OUT TONIGHT, TO SEE IF YOU'RE ANY GOOD! BUT, REMEMBER...WHAT I SAY GOES AROUND HERE! MEET US HERE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!



MR. AND MRS. CLYDE BARROWS RESIDING TEMPORARILY AT THE CARLETON HOTEL WHILE THEIR HOME IS BEING RENOVATED...

YOU DROPPED SOMETHING, SNIFF!

THEY TREAT ME LIKE I WAS DIRT... IF I HAD ENOUGH GUTS TO GET A DECENT JOB, FOLKS WOULD TREAT ME WITH RESPECT!



THAT NIGHT...

I CASED THIS PLACE GOOD! NOW, THIS'S THE LIBRARY! THE SAFE SHOULD BE IN HERE!

YEAH, I SEE IT OVER THERE, ON THE WALL!



YOU TAKE CARE OF THE SAFE, SNIFF! THE BOYS AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

THAT PICTURE... IT'S SALLY... AND THIS IS HER HOUSE! AND I'M SUPPOSED TO ROB MY OWN SISTER! I CAN'T DO IT!

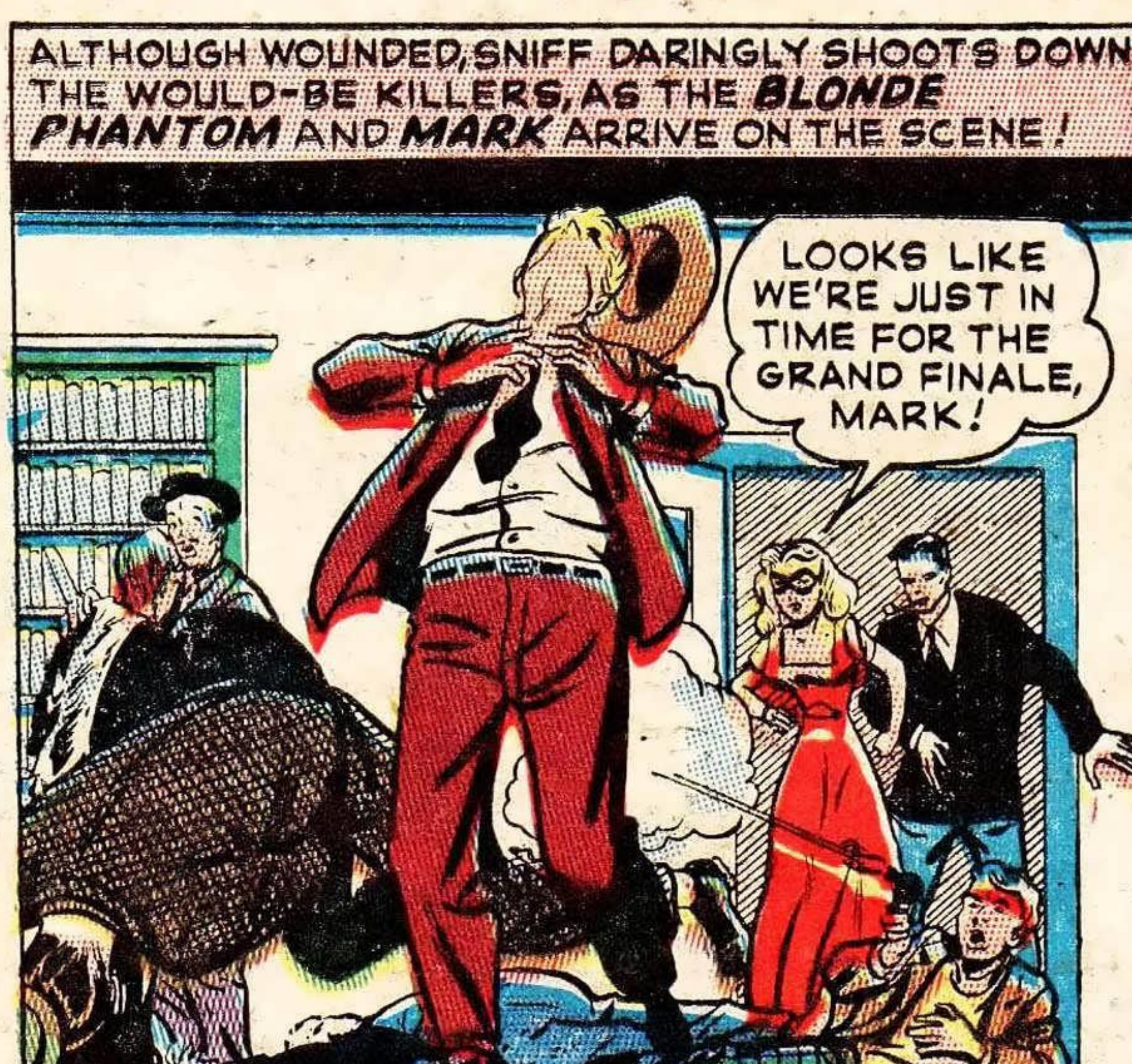


I'M SO EXCITED ABOUT RE-DOING THE PLACE, CLYDE!

HEY! WHO'S THAT?

IT MUST BE SALLY!







A PRESENT FOR THE KILLER

THE little runt was scared stiff. He didn't know that Jim Blake was going to kill him now. But maybe he sensed it. He sat cringing down in the chair, here in the living room of his lonely little cottage on the Colorado mountainside. And he stared at the big looming figure of Blake, who gazed down at him contemptuously. Scared stiff. It made Blake chuckle to himself. Little Charlie Davis had never had any guts anyway.

"I *can't* give you any more money now," Davis was saying whiningly. "Jim listen—I just can't—not now—not for another month or two."

"I told you to borrow on your salary," Blake rasped. "I told you not to dare try stalling me."

It was blackmail, and it had worked fine, all these weeks since Blake had found his old enemy. Blake had vowed to kill little Charlie Davis when he found him. They had gone to the pen on a manslaughter rap nearly ten years ago. And Davis hadn't stood with Blake at all, so that Blake got most of the blame. Charlie Davis was out in ten years.

And Blake, years later, had been released—gotten his freedom, and with only one idea: to kill the little rat who had double-crossed him. Then he had found Davis—and changed his plans a little. Davis was respectable now. He had a good job. He was a toxicologist—he'd always been a studious little fellow.

Big Jim Blake didn't know what a toxicologist was—except that it was chemistry or something. He didn't care. But finding Charlie Davis—with a wife from a high-class family—gave Blake a new idea. Blackmail him first, and then, when that petered out—kill him!

It had worked fine. Davis didn't want his past raked up. So he had paid Blake the most he could . . .

"Borrow on my salary?" Davis was saying. "I've done that already, Jim. I've done everything—even my wife's hospital bill isn't paid."

Davis' wife was a lunger, which was why they lived in this high-altitude, mountain cottage. She was in the hospital now. Blake and Davis were here, alone.

And Davis was saying: "You've about bled me dry, Jim. I—I've done the best I could."

Bled him dry . . . Blake believed it. And there would be danger keeping on with it. Blake's prison record would be against him, if Davis should suddenly get desperate and tell the police what was happening. He might sometime decide to do that anyway, which was another reason why Blake should kill him now!

There was a little oblong package on the table beside Davis. He lifted the lid, took out a pair of new, grey suede gloves. He held them toward his visitor. He was trying to smile ingratiatingly.

"Jim, look," he said, "just to show you I mean well—here's a little present. Friend gave 'em to me, and they're too big. Ought to fit you, Jim. You—you're welcome to them."

Blake stared at the proffered gloves. It sure was ironic—gloves for a killer whose mind for half an hour past had been on the fact that he must be careful not to leave his fingerprints here! His prints were a matter of record, of course—and if they were found here, it would be fatal.

Blake's scowling face bore a faint flicker of sardonic smile as he snatched the gloves, put them on.

"Just what I need," he said. "So you're bled dry, are you, Charlie?"

"Yes. For—for right now, I am," Davis said. "In a month, maybe, when Anne gets back from the special treatment at the hospital, and—"

"Okay. We'll let it go at that," Blake rasped. "You wouldn't be figuring how to double-cross me again, would you?"

"Why, Jim—"

Now Blake, with big outstretched, gloved hands, was advancing on the little runt cringing there in the chair. And suddenly Blake pounced. "Well, I don't trust you anyway!" Blake growled. "You dirty little rat—you've known right along I was going to kill you! Well, you're damn right. You—"

Charlie Davis tried to scream as he saw the big gloved hands coming at his throat. Then the strangling grip silenced him, and his lunging body was pinned by Blake's weight.

The end of Charlie Davis. To Blake, it seemed an eternity; then he released his grip and staggered back, panting. And in the chair, the thing that had been Charlie Davis lay huddled, motionless, with dangling head and ghastly bluish face of goggling mouth and popping glazed eyes.

The thing was done! Triumph swept Blake. No one around here knew that he had any connection with Charlie Davis whatever. He had never been in this house before; he had left no fingerprints here now.

Blake turned, strode from the house, closing its door after him. There were no near neighbors. No one had seen him come, or go. Blake had bought a cheap little car with some of the money he'd gotten. He had parked it now, a few hundred yards down the mountain road.

He was filled with triumph as he climbed into the little car and drove away. He wouldn't head back for Denver. He'd strike north; get a job up in Cheyenne maybe. He had twenty-eight hundred dollars left, of the money he'd bled from Charlie. He had it on him now, in cash. A nice little stake, to start him off fresh . . .

Queer, how hot it felt tonight! Up here in the Colorado mountains, at this high altitude, even the summer nights were chilly. But now he realized that he was bathed in sweat. It stood out in beads on his forehead; it trickled down his chest. He opened the window beside him. The cool night air made him feel a little better.

Blake was driving slowly. The little stony, winding mountain road was descending steeply, wind-

ing down into a broad valley where a tumbling mountain river was a silver thread in the moonlight. Beyond the valley, the Rockies rose up in serrated tiers to the distant giant peaks that were capped with silver . . .

This cursed shortness of breath! Why was he panting? It was as though the memory of that sweating rush of his passion when he had strangled Charlie Davis, was exciting him still. A band seemed constricting his chest. His gloved hands on the wheel were shaking.

Abruptly Blake realized that the car was wobbling on the road. He jerked at the wheel barely in time to keep it from going off. Everything seemed unreal, as though he was half asleep.

Muttering a curse, he pulled up at the side of the road and shut off the engine. At once, in the new silence, he could hear his racing heart, and the thump of little hammers in his temples. Then one of his legs twitched. A horrible little paroxysm convulsed his legs and arms. He knew that his head was roaring; everything beginning to blur . . .

He was sick! Desperately sick! It puzzled him—but the thought was wafted away by another twitching most horrible that wracked his arms and legs and pulled at his neck so that he lay back of the wheel, gasping for breath with his gloved hands pulling to loosen his collar.

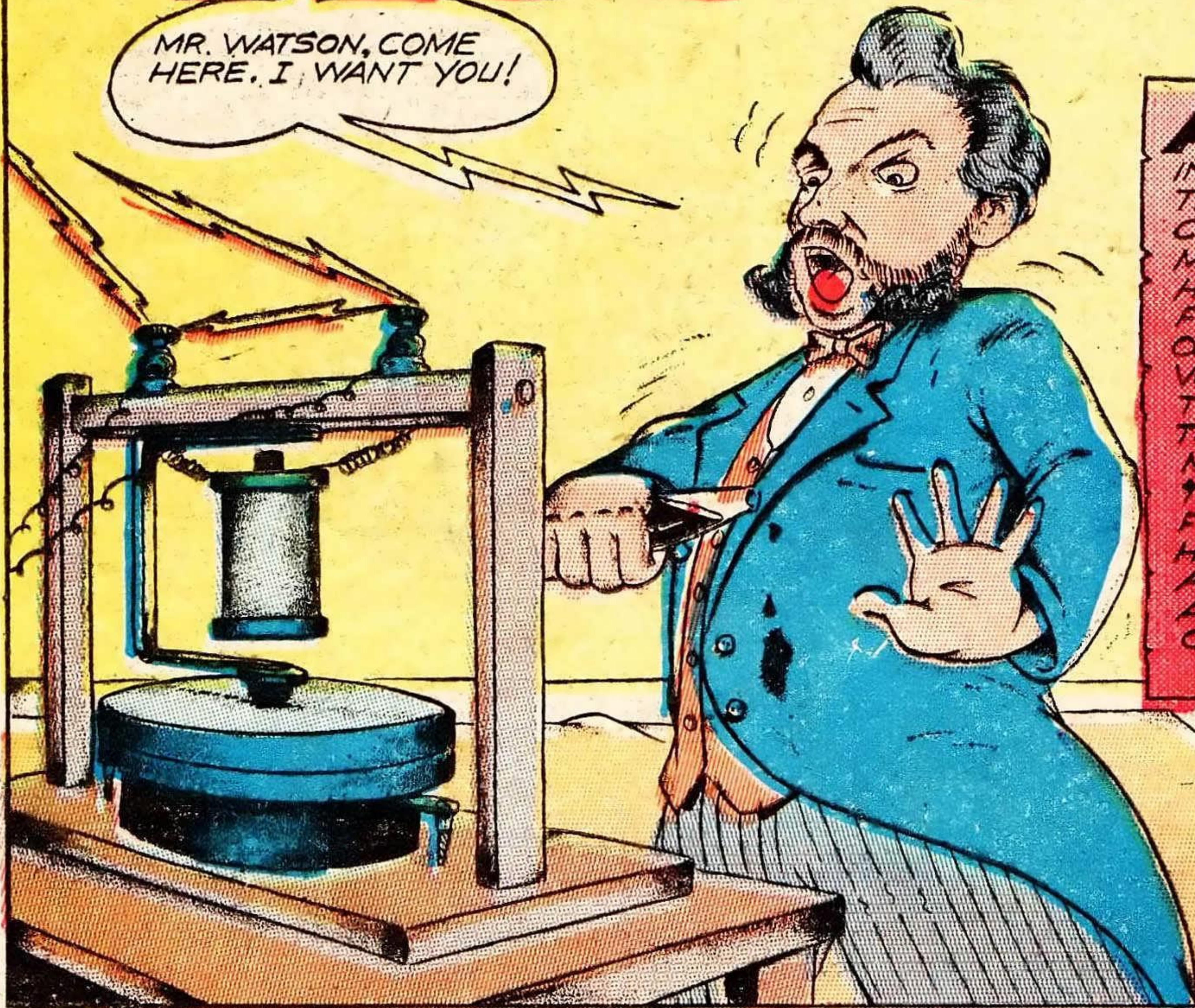
His gloved hands . . . the little fleece lining of the gloves was soggy with sweat. He realized that his hands were burning; his palms stinging and burning like fire. He barely had the strength now to peel off the gloves and drop them to the floor.

Too late! Big Jim Davis didn't know that a toxicologist is an expert on deadly poisons. Crystals of curare, or cyanide—or perhaps some gruesome combination of other lethal alkaloids which Charlie Davis had evolved in his laboratory—glove linings impregnated so that the heat of Blake's sweating palms had absorbed the poisons through the sweat glands—Jim Blake didn't consciously think about it. But he remembered that queer, foxy look Davis had flung him when he offered the gloves as a present.

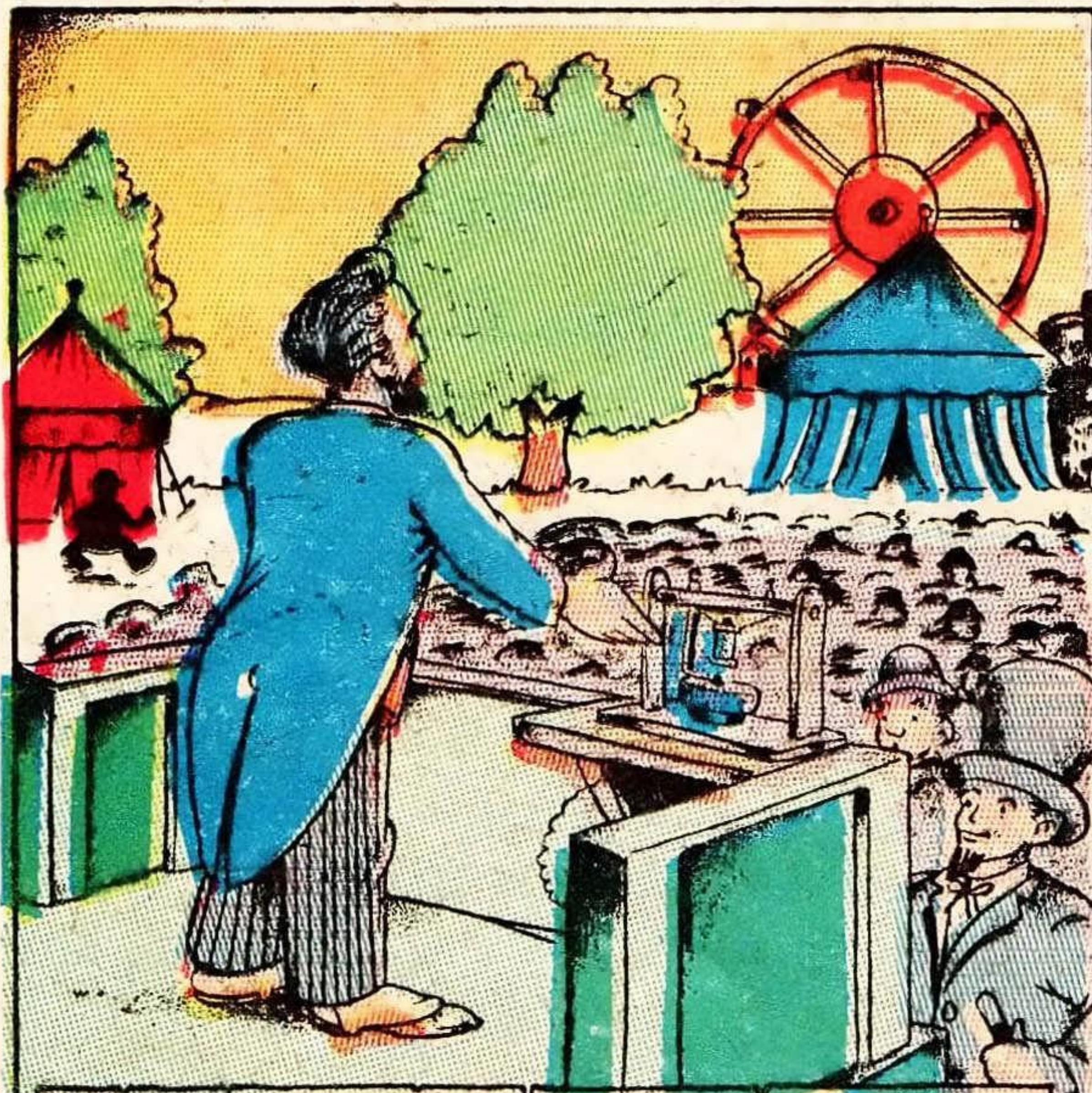
And very possibly, as big Jim Blake's senses faded into the blackness of eternity, there was in his mind a last realization that little Charlie Davis had killed him!

ONLY THE BEGINNING

MR. WATSON, COME
HERE. I WANT YOU!



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S INVENTION OF THE TELEPHONE IN 1875 CAME ABOUT AFTER MANY YEARS OF HARD LABOR. THE FIRST TRANSMISSION OF THE HUMAN VOICE WAS HEARD THROUGH HIS CONTRAPTION WHEN MR. BELL CALLED TO HIS ASSISTANT FOR HELP WHEN HE SPILLED SOME ACID ON HIS ONE AND ONLY SUIT OF CLOTHES...



HOWEVER AT FIRST THE TELEPHONE WAS CONSIDERED AN IMPRACTICAL TOY FORCING BELL TO SPEND YEARS LECTURING ON ITS POSSIBILITIES, TO THE PUBLIC IN SUCH PLACES AS EXPOSITIONS AND CARNIVALS...

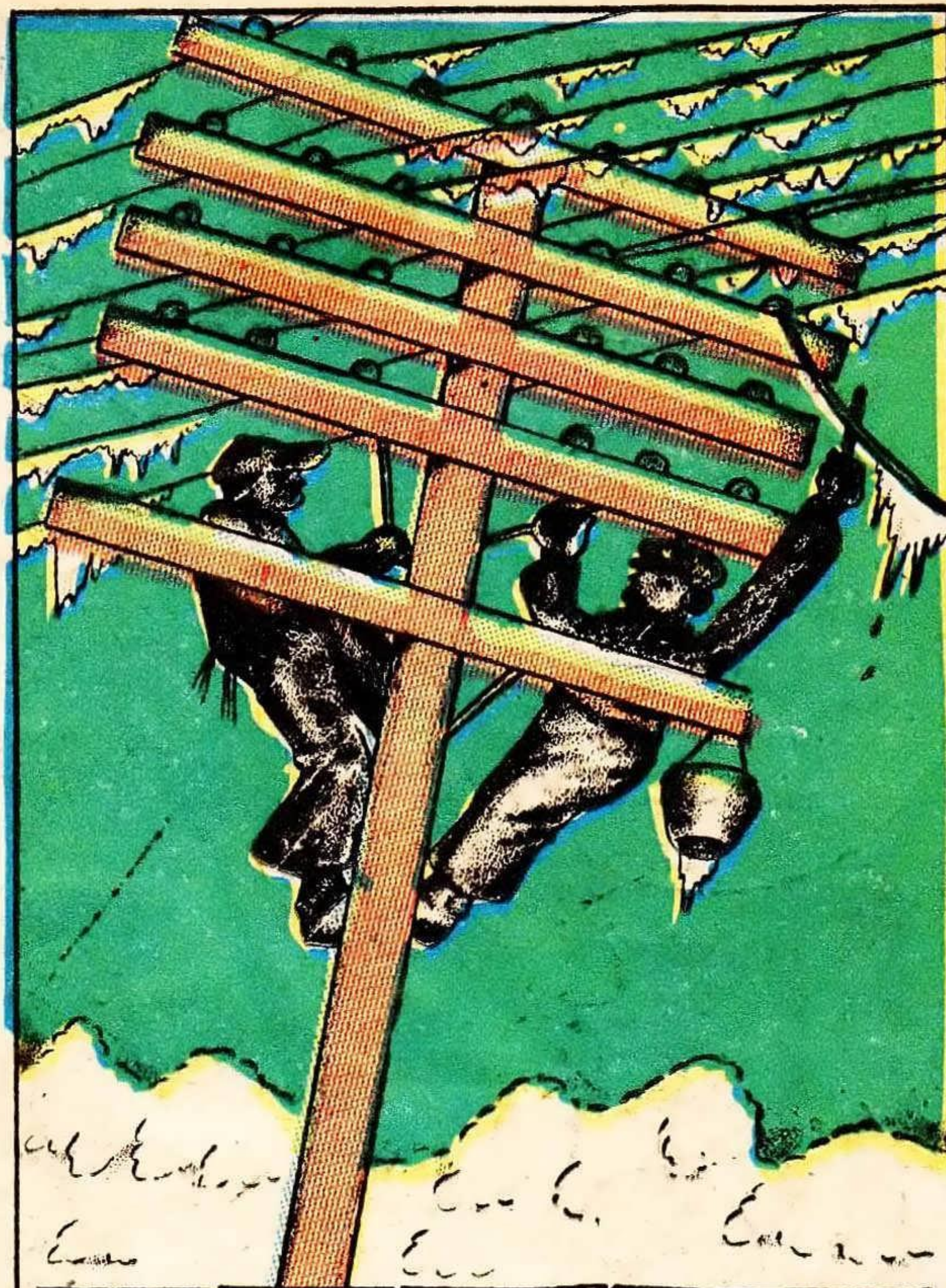
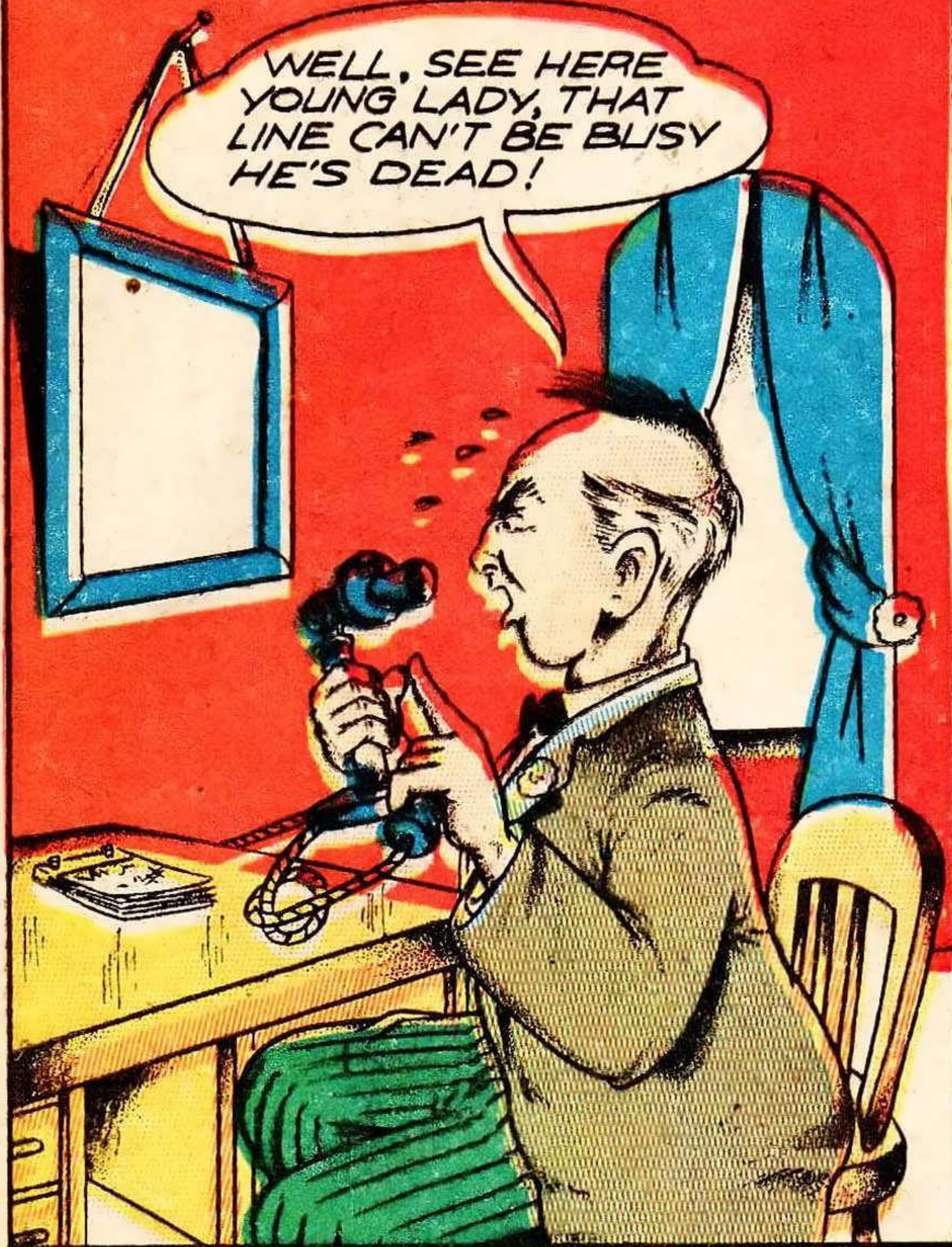
WELL, MY DEAR, YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS... BUT I HEARD THAT MRS. BROWN TOLD MRS. WHITE THAT MRS. BLUE WAS A--- BLAH-BLAH AND A BLAH---



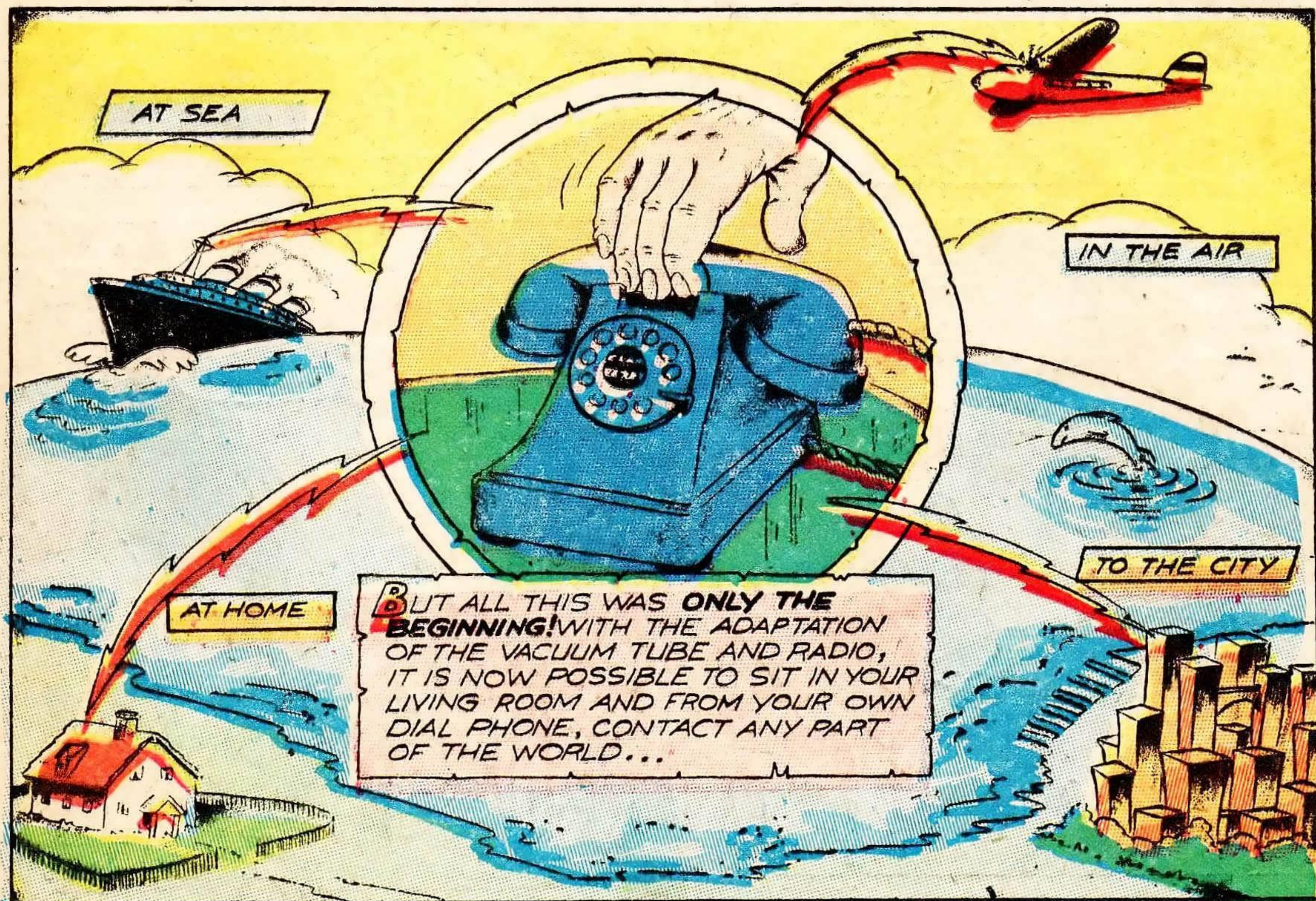
A FEW YEARS AFTERWARDS THE TELEPHONE WAS INTRODUCED TO THE COMMERCIAL AS WELL AS THE DOMESTIC WORLD WITH THE LATTER BRINGING ABOUT A REVOLUTIONARY MEANS OF TRANSMITTING GOSSIP...

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY THE INVENTION OF THE AUTOMATIC DIAL WAS MADE BY ALMAN B. STRAWGER, AN UNDERTAKER IN KANSAS CITY OUT OF DIFFICULTIES HE HAD WITH TELEPHONE OPERATORS AT THAT TIME...

WELL, SEE HERE YOUNG LADY, THAT LINE CAN'T BE BUSY HE'S DEAD!



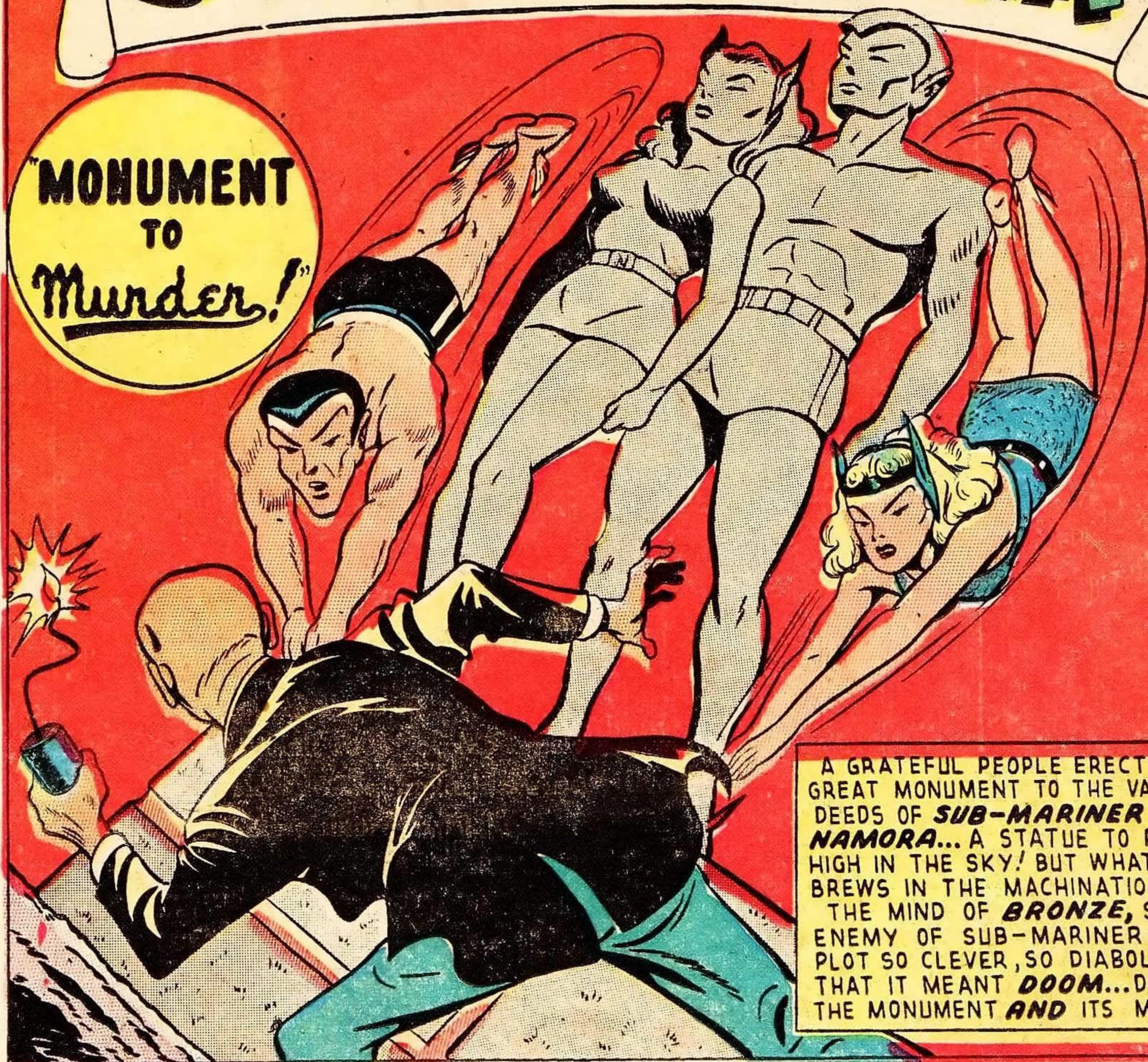
NATURALLY ENOUGH THE WIRES FOR TELEPHONE SERVICE SOON CRISS-CROSSED COUNTRY SIDES IN MANY NORTHERN SECTIONS, LINEMEN HAVING THE STEADY JOB OF REPAIRING OPEN LINES AFTER AND DURING SNOW AND SLEET STORMS...



BUT ALL THIS WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WITH THE ADAPTATION OF THE VACUUM TUBE AND RADIO, IT IS NOW POSSIBLE TO SIT IN YOUR LIVING ROOM AND FROM YOUR OWN DIAL PHONE, CONTACT ANY PART OF THE WORLD...

SUB-MARINER

"MONUMENT
TO
Murder!"



A GRATEFUL PEOPLE ERECT A GREAT MONUMENT TO THE VALOROUS DEEDS OF **SUB-MARINER** AND **NAMORA**... A STATUE TO RISE HIGH IN THE SKY! BUT WHAT SCHEME BREWS IN THE MACHINATIONS OF THE MIND OF **BRONZE**, SWORN ENEMY OF SUB-MARINER? WHAT PLOT SO CLEVER, SO DIABOLICAL, THAT IT MEANT **DOOM...DOOM** FOR THE MONUMENT **AND** ITS MODELS?

2956



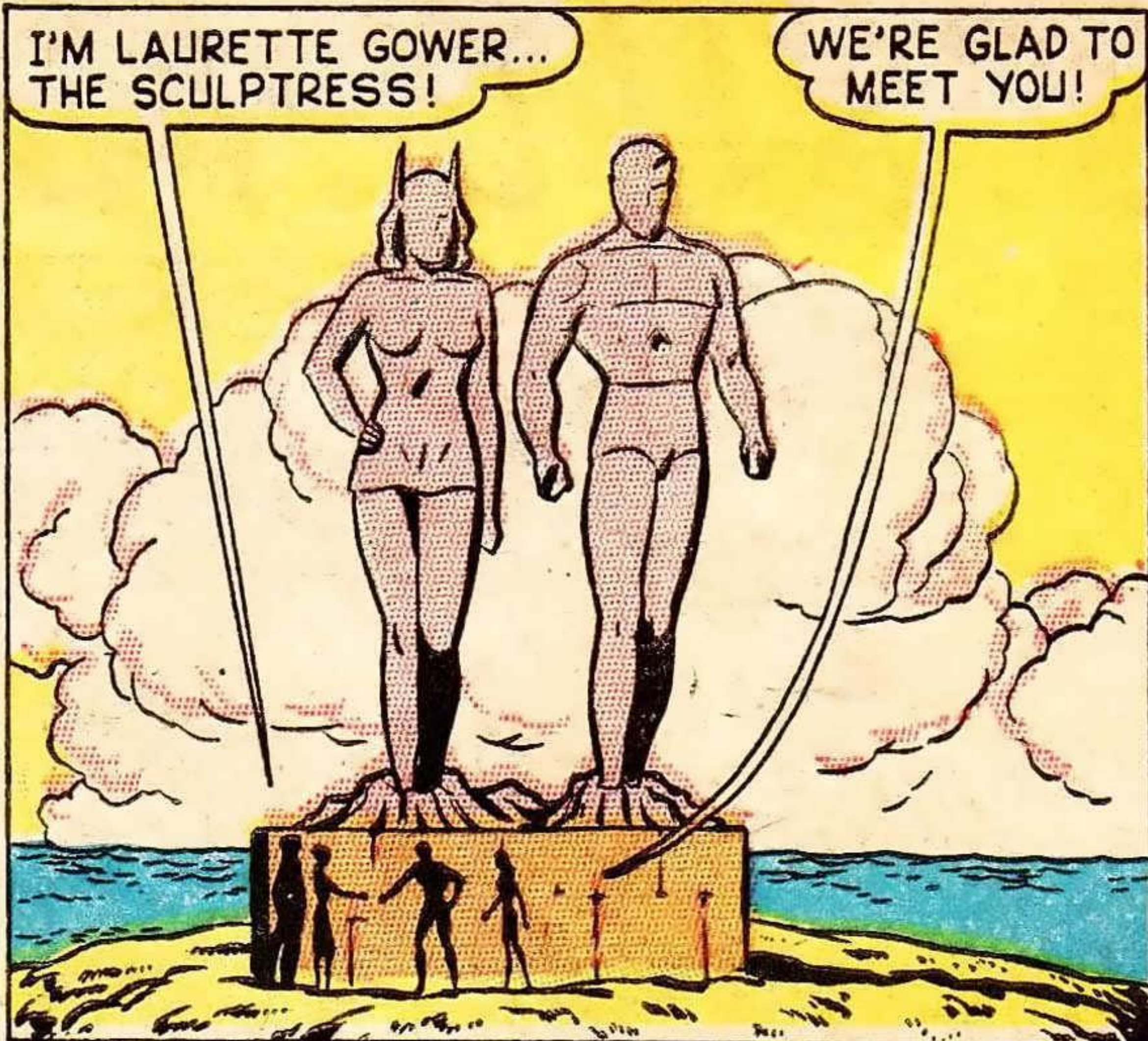
MAKING A **STATUE** IN BRONZE TO **HONOR** THEM IS THE **LAST INSULT!** THEY **WON'T** GET AWAY WITH IT! BEFORE I'M THROUGH, SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA WILL BE A LAUGHING STOCK!



LATER, AT THE SITE OF THE NEW STATUES...

I'M LAURETTE GOWER... THE SCULPTRESS!

WE'RE GLAD TO MEET YOU!



BUT PRINCESS NAMORA AND I FEEL THAT WE **DON'T** DESERVE ANY SUCH HONOR!

WE HATE TO SEE ANYONE CONTRIBUTE MONEY TO A MEMORIAL FOR **US!**



THE CITY FEELS THAT THESE STATUES WILL BE A **SYMBOL** OF YOUR **UNENDING** BATTLE AGAINST CRIME! THEY WILL HELP TO DISCOURAGE FUTURE CRIMINALS!

I HOPE SO, SIR! ON **THOSE** GROUNDS, WE **ACCEPT** AND WELCOME THE HONOR!



IT WILL MEAN SO MUCH TO MY CAREER! THESE STATUES WILL ESTABLISH MY REPUTATION! I'VE WORKED SO HARD, WAITED SO LONG...

WE WISH YOU LUCK, LAURETTE!



SUDDENLY!

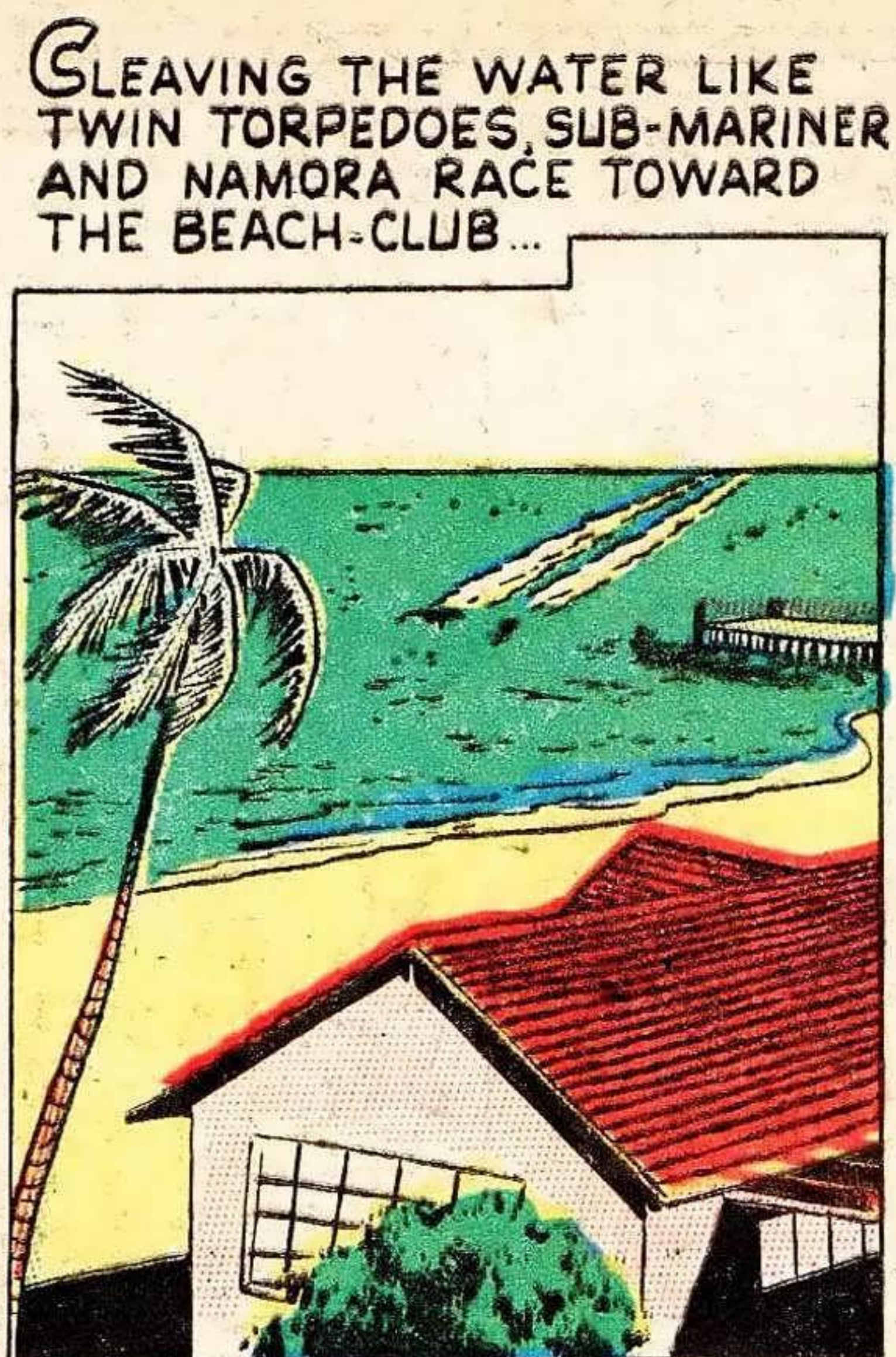
IT'S THE CUTTER FROM THE DIDO BEACH CLUB!

HELP!

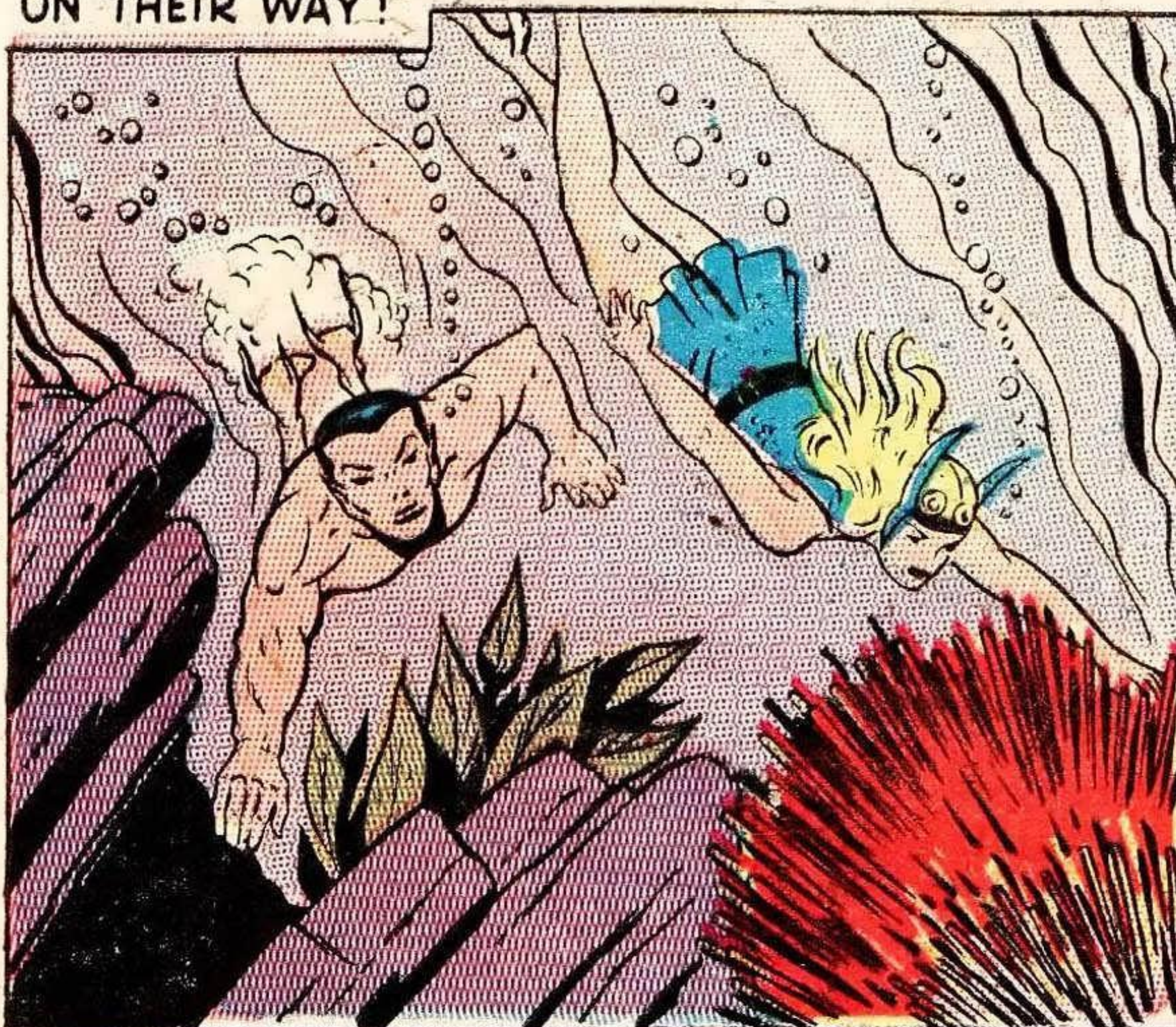


ROBBERS... AT THE BEACH CLUB! I SAW THEM AS I WAS DOCKING!





SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA ARE EQUALLY AT HOME ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER! POWERFUL STROKES CARRY THEM SWIFTLY ON THEIR WAY!



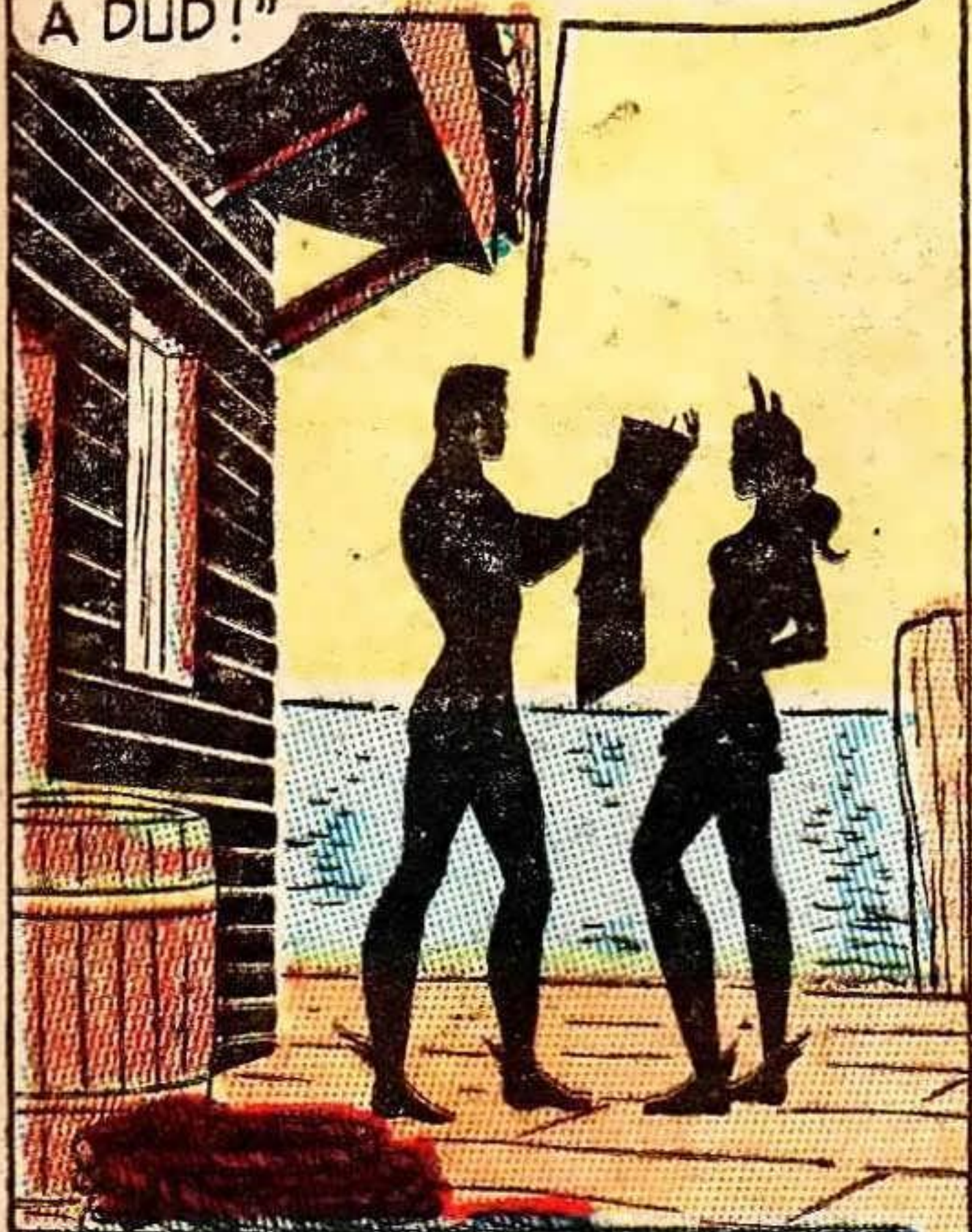
BUT, WHEN THEY EMERGE...

NOT A SIGN OF **BRONZE** AND HIS HENCHMEN!

EVEN THEIR **MOTORBOAT'S** **DISAPPEARED**!



LOOK AT THIS, NAMORA!
"SUB-MARINER AND
NAMORA OUTWITTED!
STATUE CEREMONY PROVES
A DUD!"



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND **HOW**
BRONZE PULLED
THAT DISAPPEARING
STUNT! THERE
WASN'T A PLACE
TO DOCK FOR
MILES AROUND!



THAT
MOTORBOAT
WASN'T
EQUIPPED
FOR
UNDER-SEA
DIVING! YET,
WHERE ELSE
COULD IT
GO?

WHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT OF **BRONZE**...

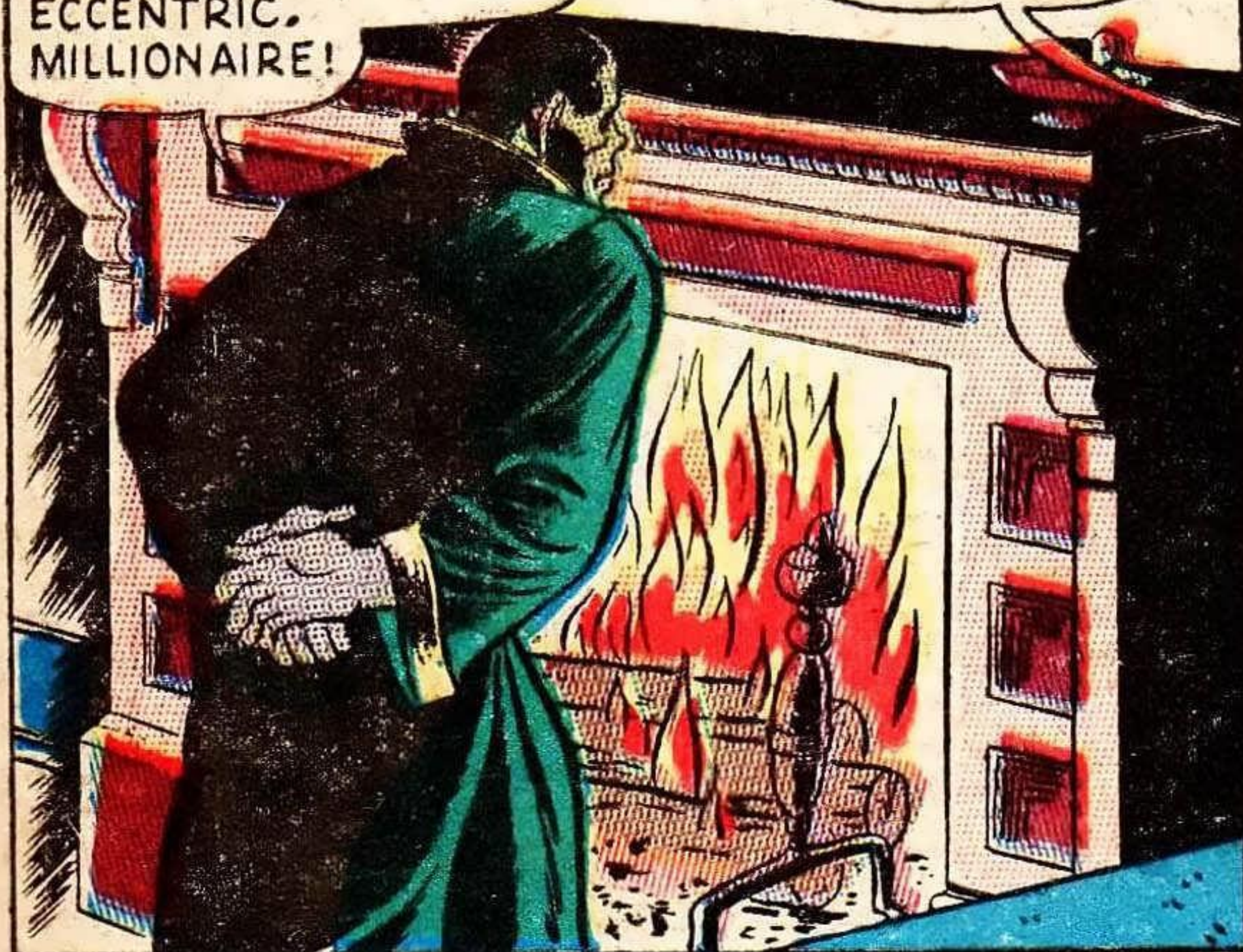
HO!
HO!

I'VE NEVER SEEN **BRONZE**
LAUGH SO HARD! GUESS HE
FEELS GOOD ABOUT MAKING
SUB-MARINER AND
NAMORA LOOK LIKE A
COUPLE OF SAPS!



NOTHING IS A **STRONGER**
WEAPON THAN **RIDICULE!**
I'VE GOT OUR NEXT JOB
PLANNED! WE'LL PAY A VISIT
TO SIMON FROST, THE
ECCENTRIC,
MILLIONAIRE!

THE GUY WHO
LIVES IN A
HOUSEBOAT,
ANCHORED IN
THE RIVER?

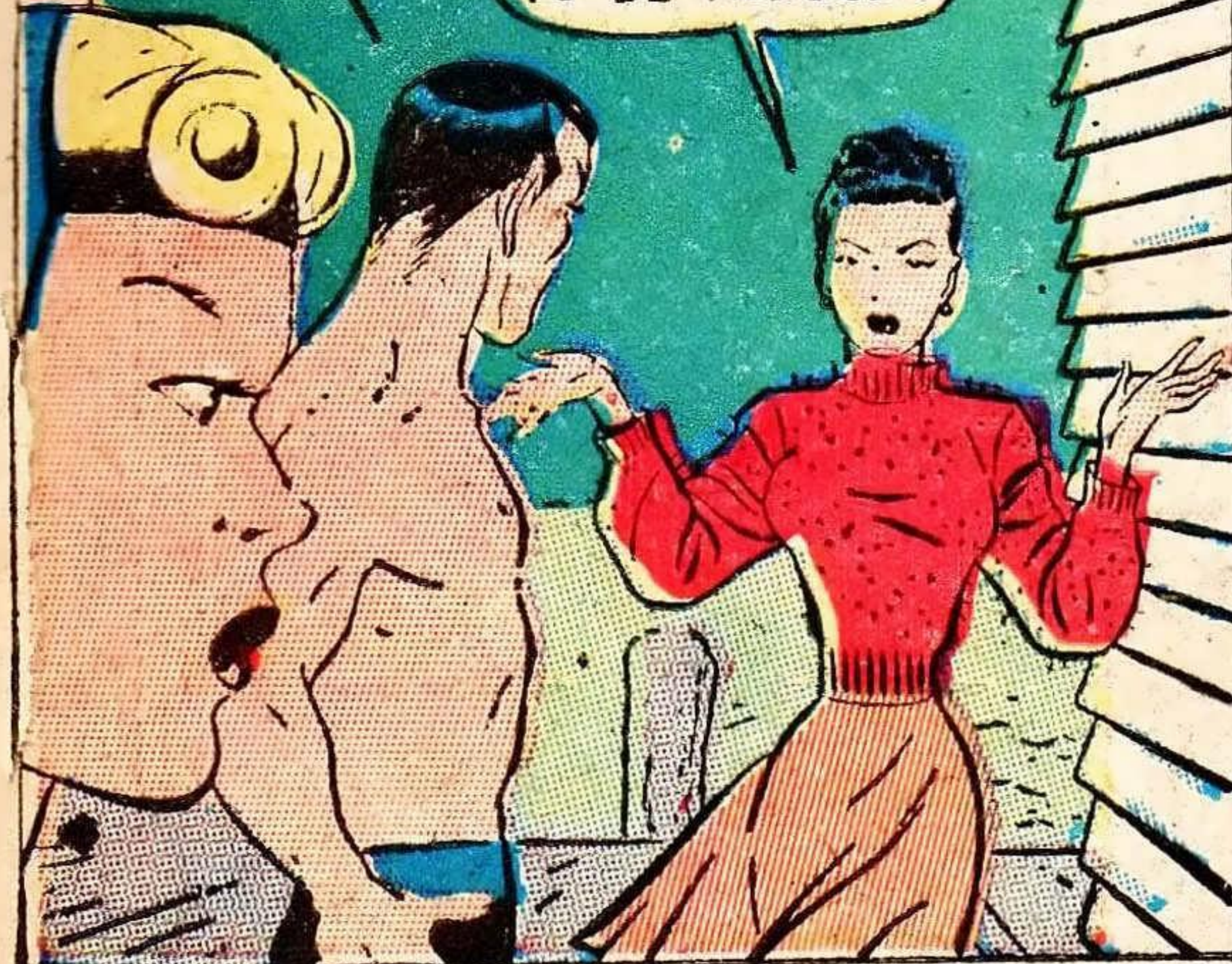


HE OWNS A SEASCAPE THAT'S
WORTH A **FORTUNE!** WHEN IT'S
STOLEN FROM UNDER SUB-MARINER'S
VERY EYES, THE **WHOLE TOWN**
WILL **LAUGH** AT THEIR **ONE-**
TIME HERO!



L
A
T
E
R
YOU SENT
FOR US,
LAURETTE?

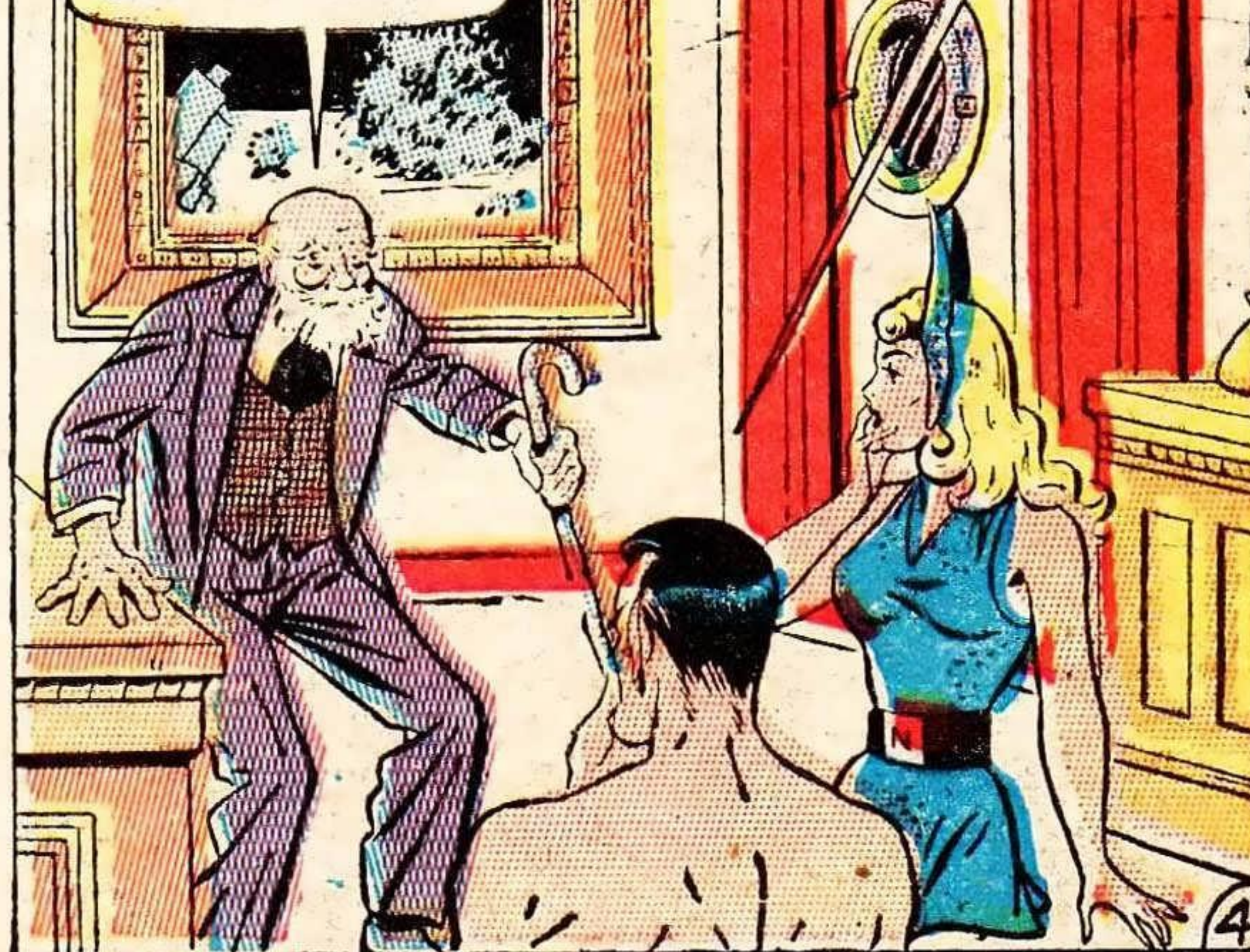
YES-I RECEIVED AN
ANONYMOUS TELEPHONE
CALL A SHORT TIME AGO!
IT SAID, SIMON FROST, THE
MILLIONAIRE, WAS GOING
TO BE ROBBED!



ON SIMON FROST'S LUXURIOUS HOUSEBOAT...

BAH! NO CRIMINALS HAVE
BEEN HERE! YOU'RE THE **VICTIM**
OF A **PRACTICAL JOKE**,
SUB-MARINER!

HMMM!
THAT'S
QUEER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU'RE WATCHING
SIMON FROST'S
HOUSE-BOAT
CLOSELY!
EXPECTING
SOMEONE,
SUB-MARINER?

DEFINITELY!
THAT
WASN'T
JUST A
PRACTICAL
JOKE,
NAMORA!

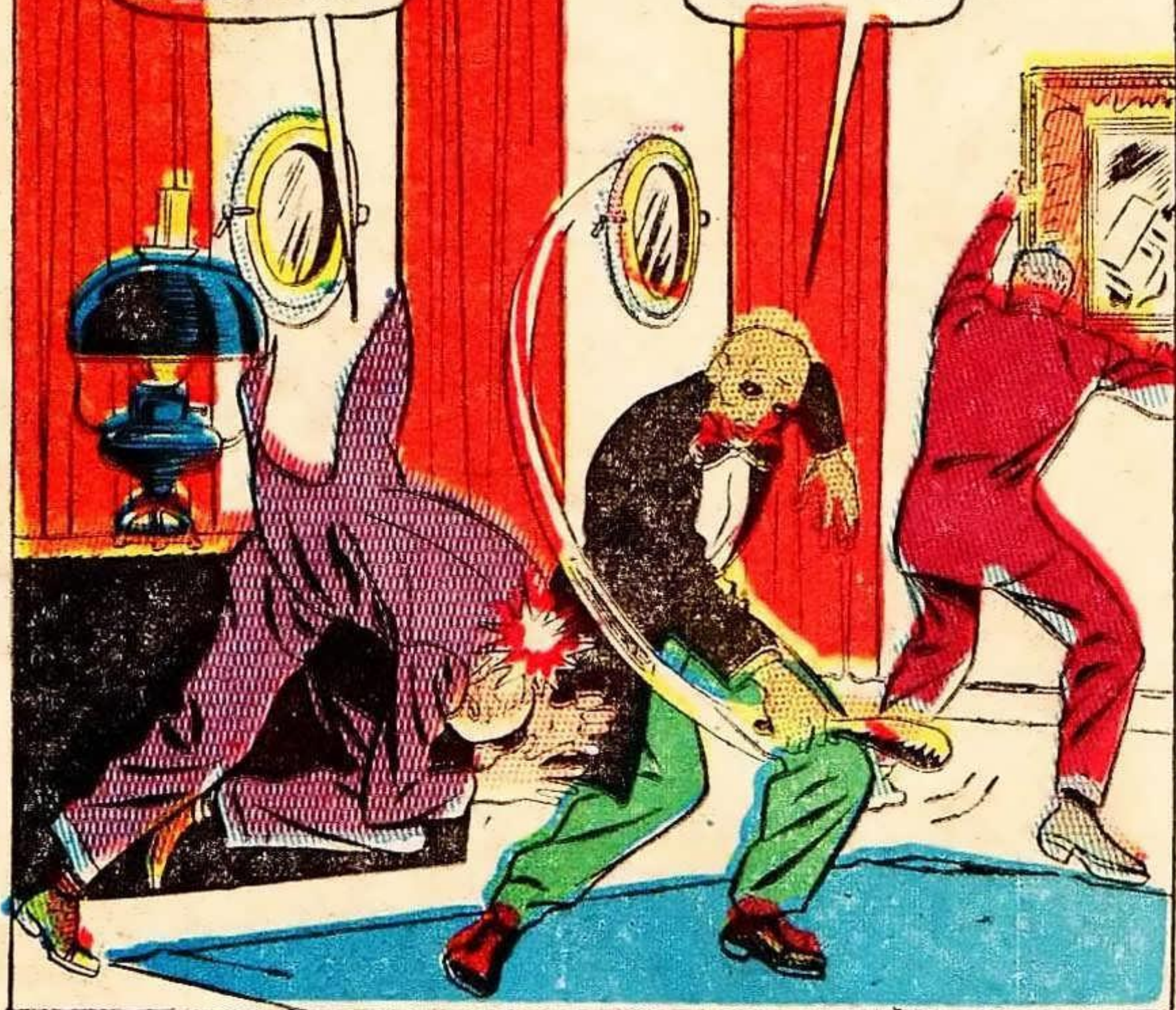
ANYONE WHO GOES
TO THOSE LIMITS
JUST TO MAKE **ME**
LOOK SILLY, WILL
GO **ONE STEP**
FURTHER! AH!
I WAS **RIGHT!**



IT'S **BRONZE!** HE'S ROBBING
THE BOAT, **AFTER** HE THINKS
WE'VE GONE!

THIEVES! I'LL CALL
BACK SUB-MAR...
OH HHHH!

THIS **BRONZE BLACKJACK**
MAKES A **USEFUL**
WEAPON!



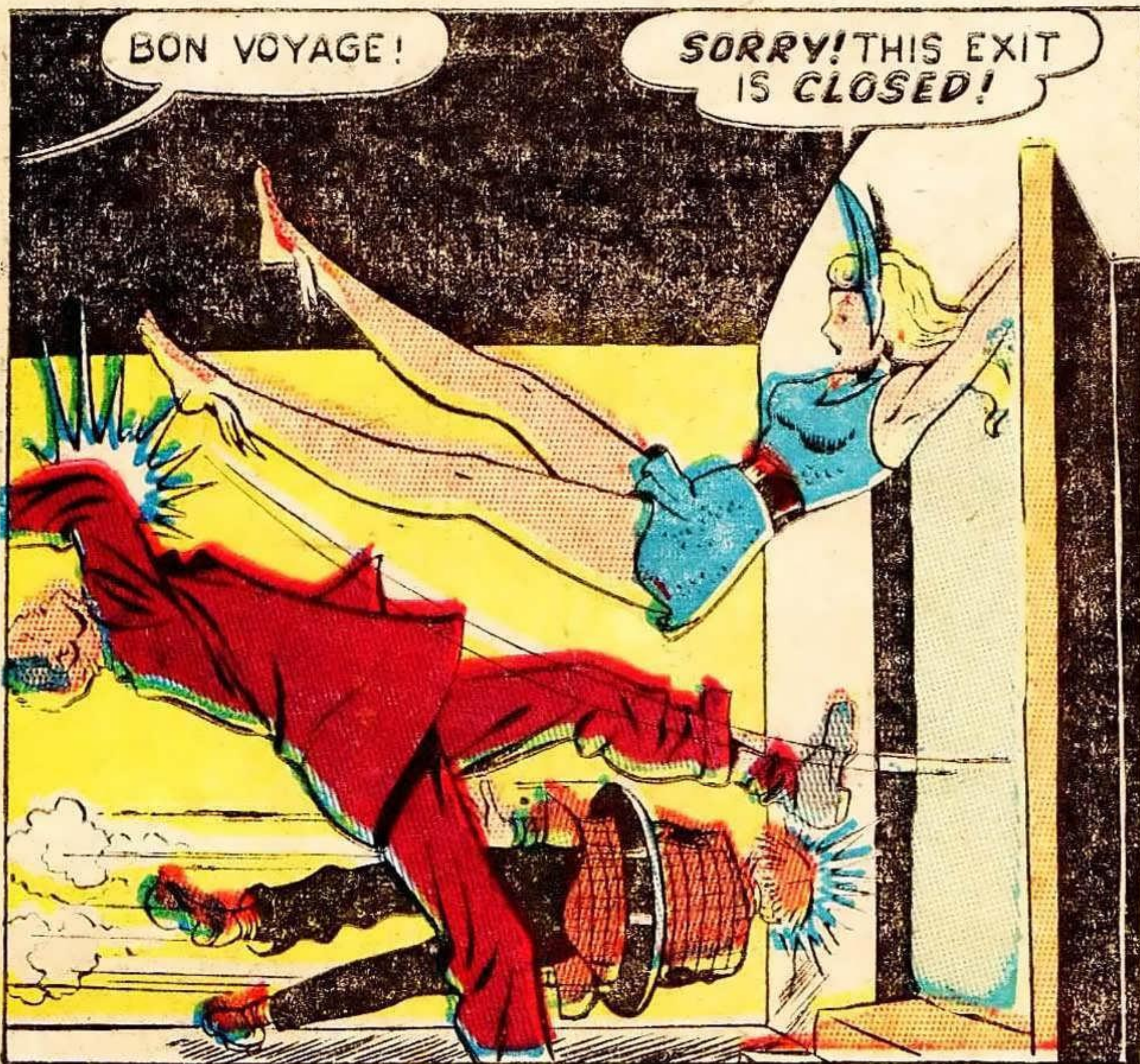
WE'VE GOT IT,
BRONZE!

OKAY! THEN
LET'S... **OH OH!**



BON VOYAGE!

SORRY! THIS EXIT
IS **CLOSED!**



A **BRONZE-PLATED** GUN, THAT SHOOTS
BRONZE BULLETS! BUT **ONLY** THE
CORONER WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

**PRINCE
NAMOR!**

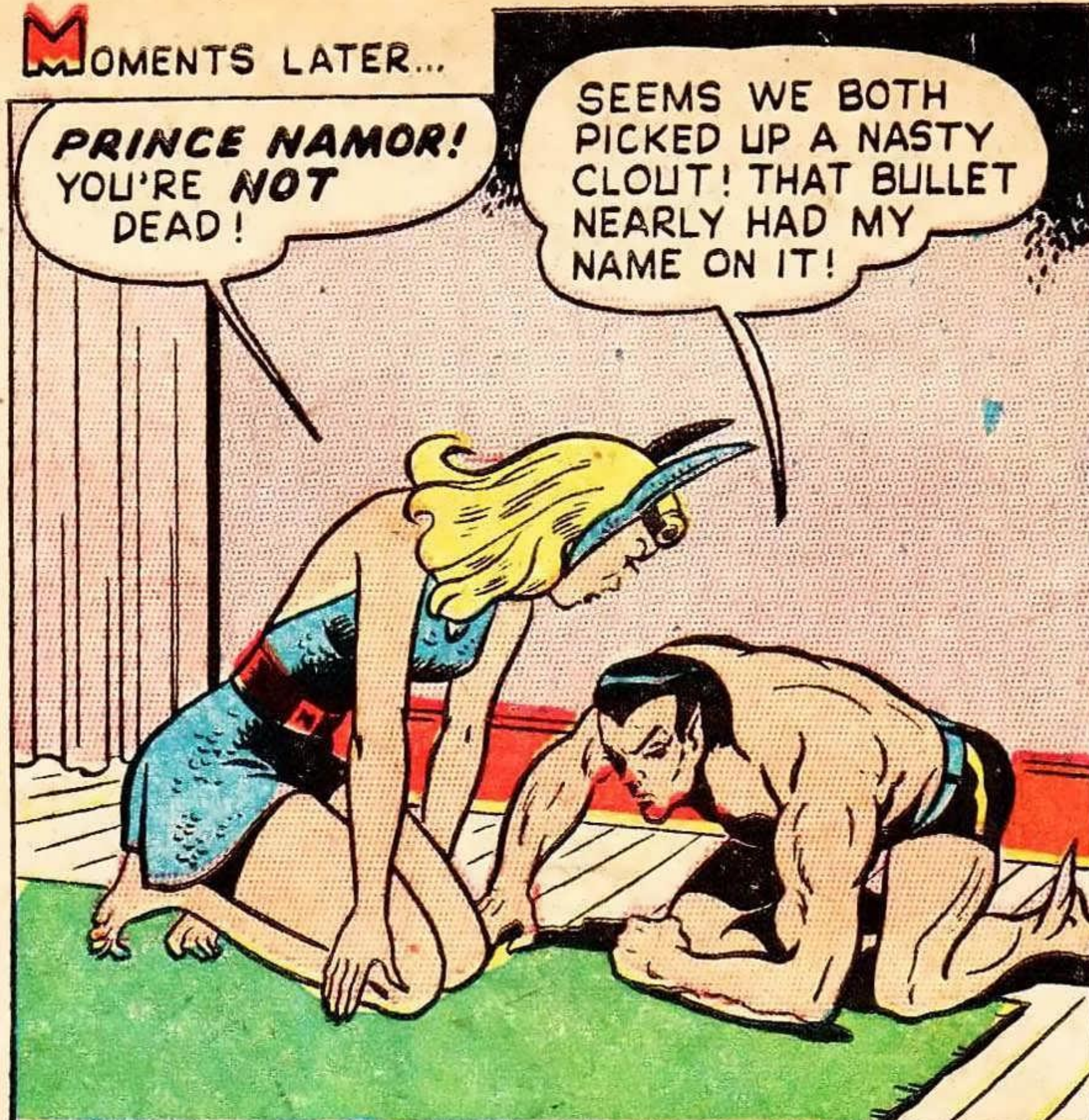
AHHH!



TAKEN OFF GUARD, NAMORA FALLS VICTIM TO THE BRUTAL BRONZE!



MOMENTS LATER...

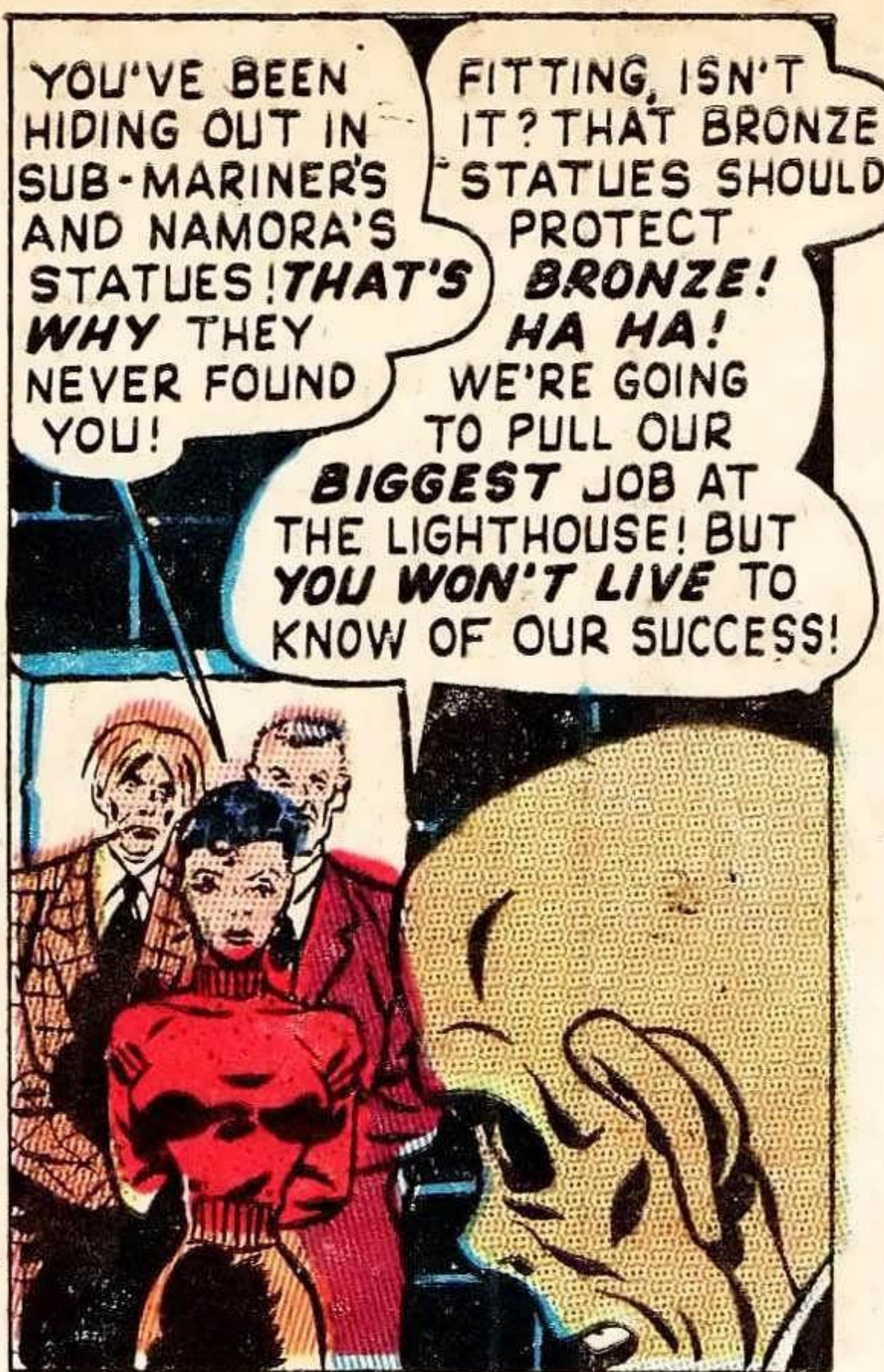


FOR THE LAST TIME, LAURETTE GOWER STOPS TO LOOK AT HER HANDIWORK...

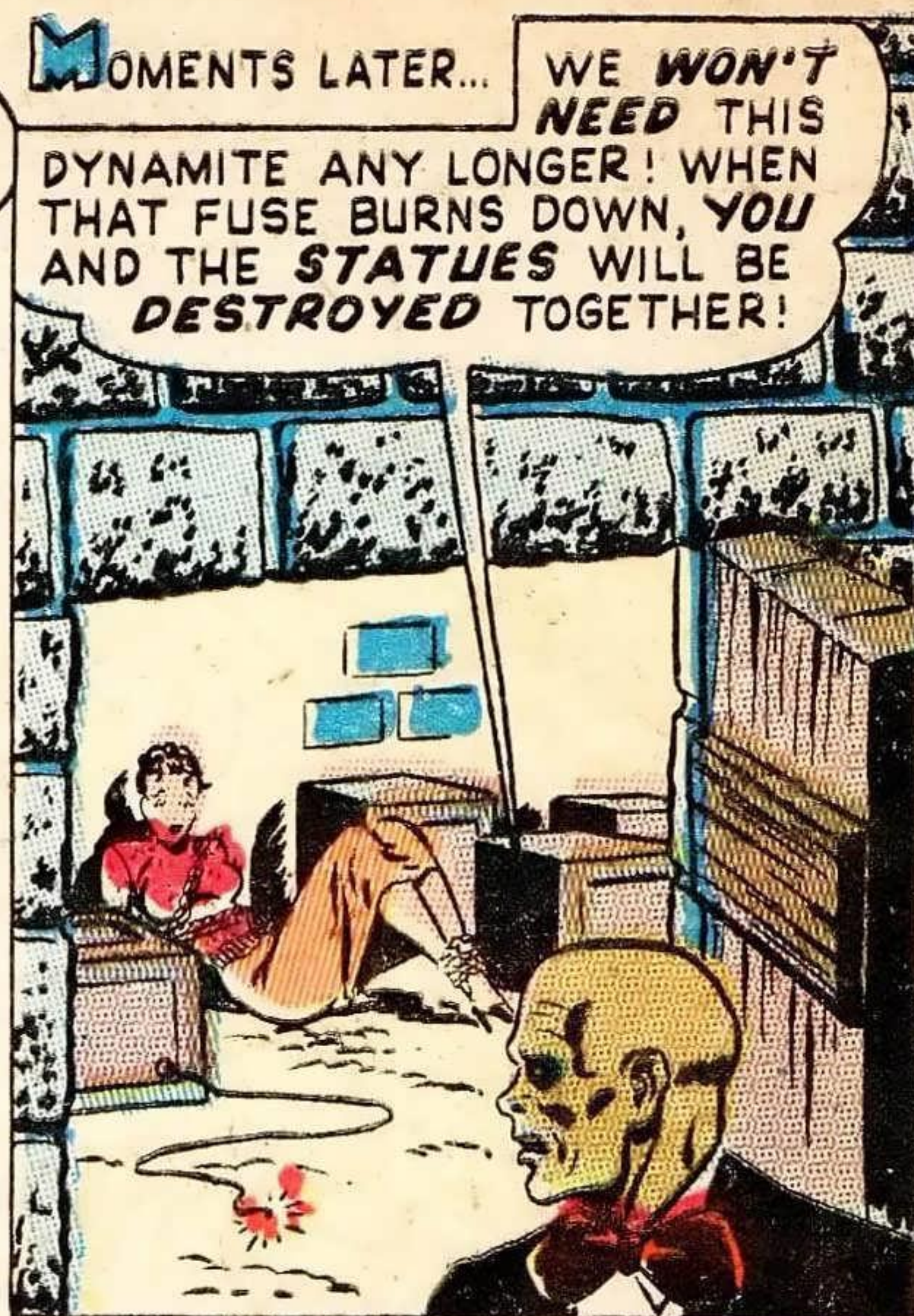




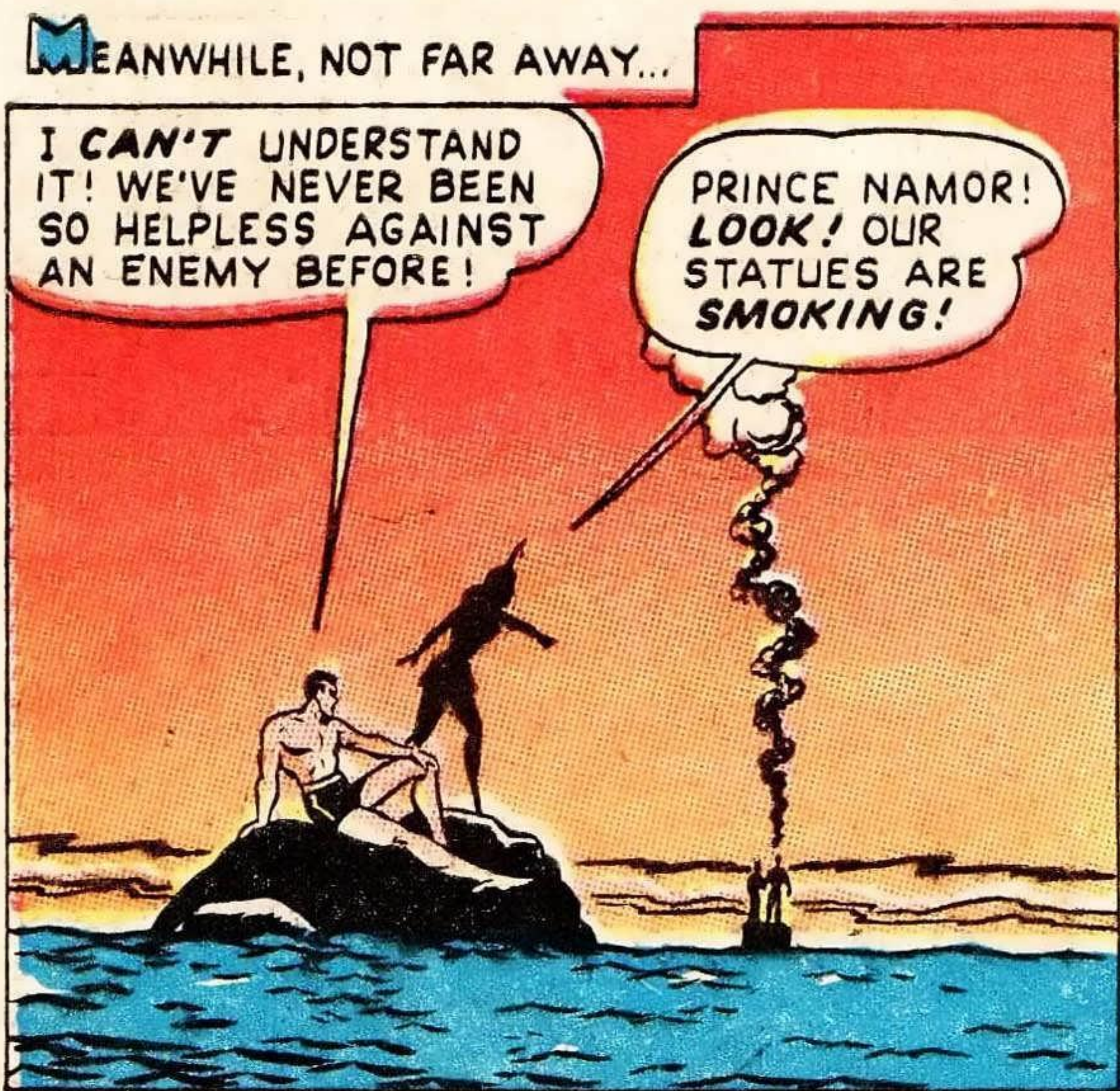
HEY, BRONZE! I HEAR SOMEONE POKIN' AROUND OUTSIDE! BRING HIM IN! **NO ONE** MUST DISCOVER OUR HIDING PLACE!



YOU'VE BEEN HIDING OUT IN SUB-MARINER'S AND NAMORA'S STATUES! **THAT'S WHY** THEY NEVER FOUND YOU! FITTING, ISN'T IT? THAT BRONZE STATUES SHOULD PROTECT **BRONZE!** HA HA! WE'RE GOING TO PULL OUR **BIGGEST** JOB AT THE LIGHTHOUSE! BUT **YOU WON'T LIVE** TO KNOW OF OUR SUCCESS!

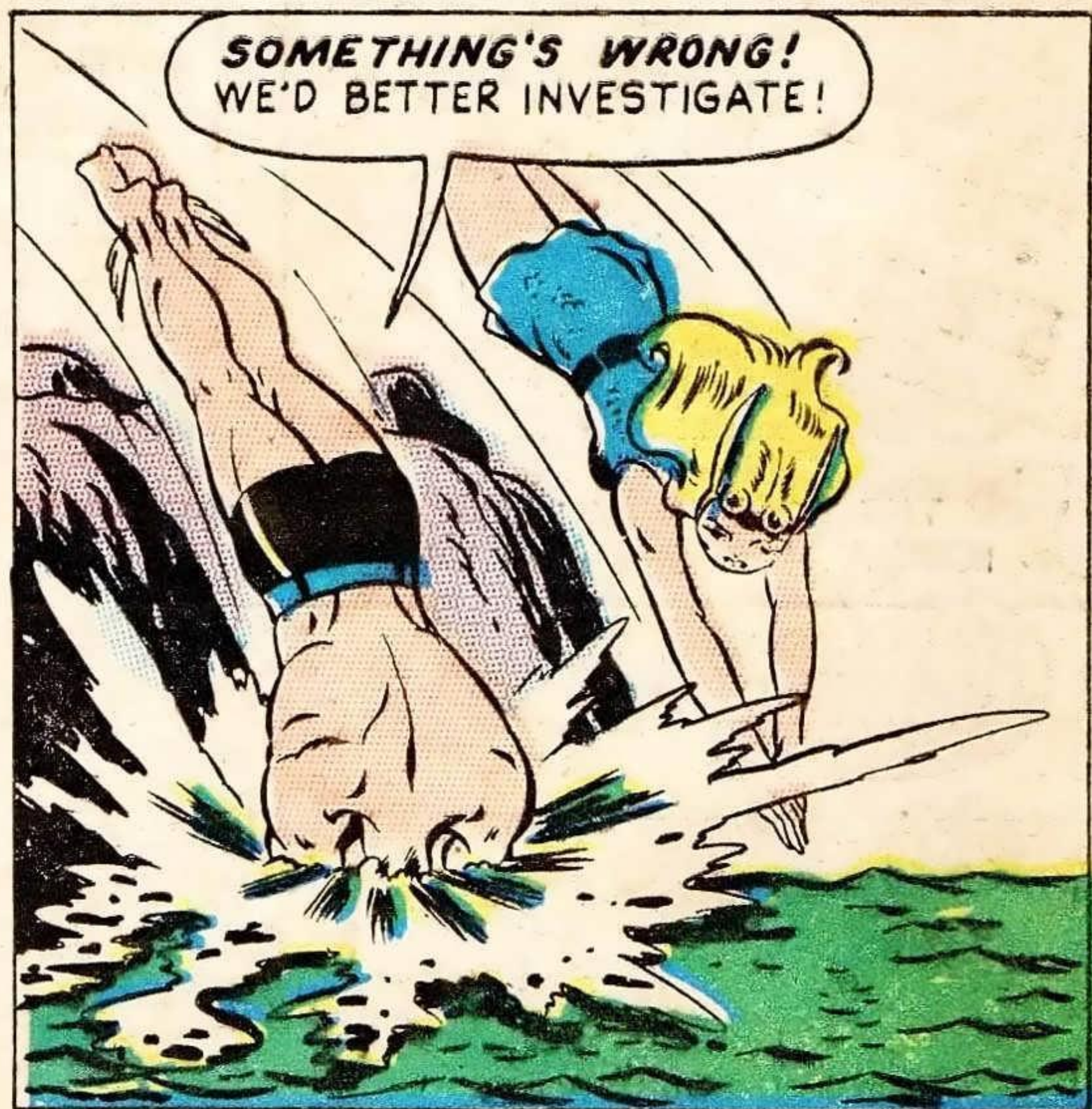


MOMENTS LATER... WE **WON'T NEED** THIS DYNAMITE ANY LONGER! WHEN THAT FUSE BURNS DOWN, **YOU AND THE STATUES** WILL BE **DESTROYED TOGETHER!**



I **CAN'T** UNDERSTAND IT! WE'VE NEVER BEEN SO HELPLESS AGAINST AN ENEMY BEFORE!

PRINCE NAMOR! **LOOK!** OUR STATUES ARE **SMOKING!**



SOMETHING'S WRONG! WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

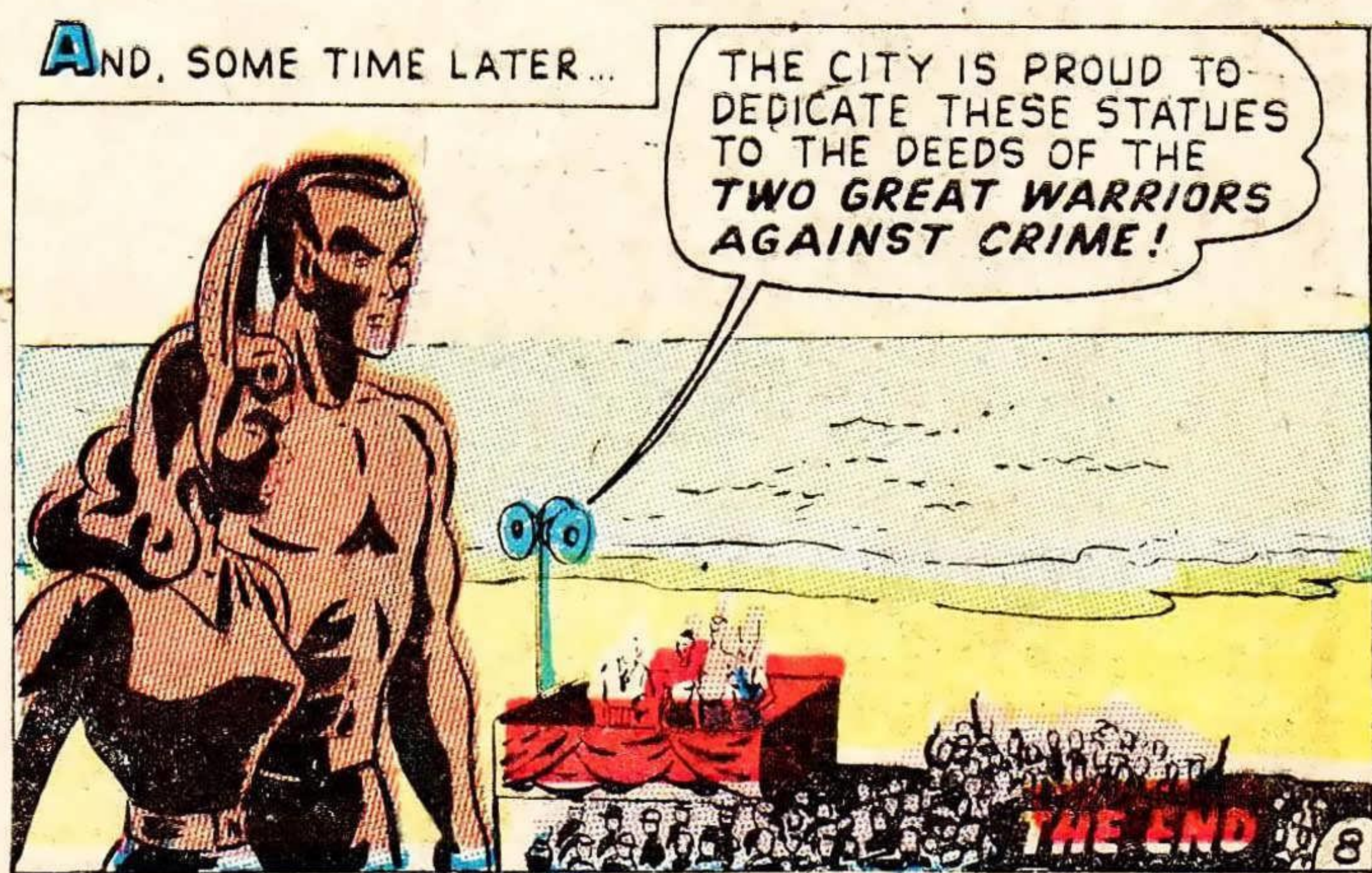
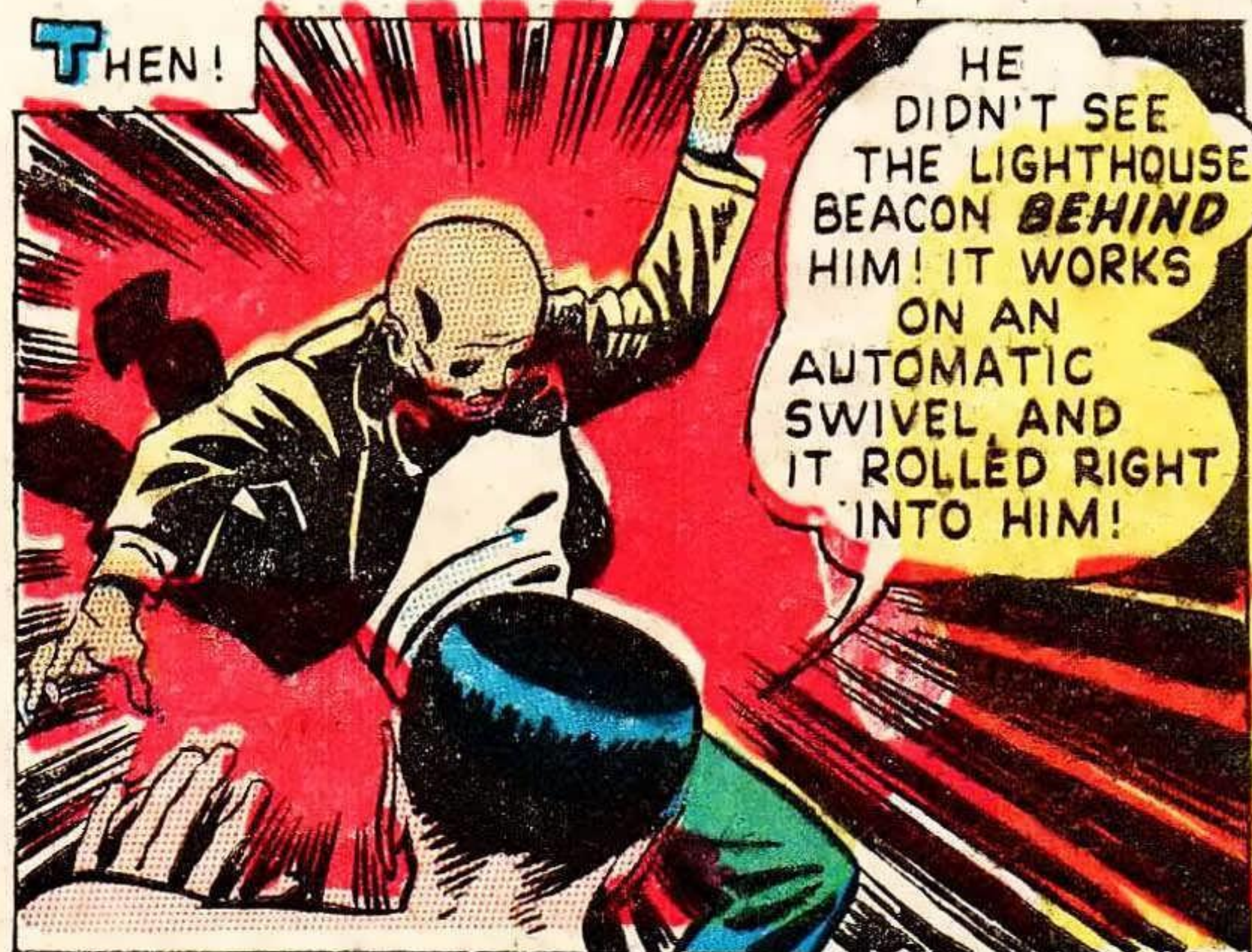
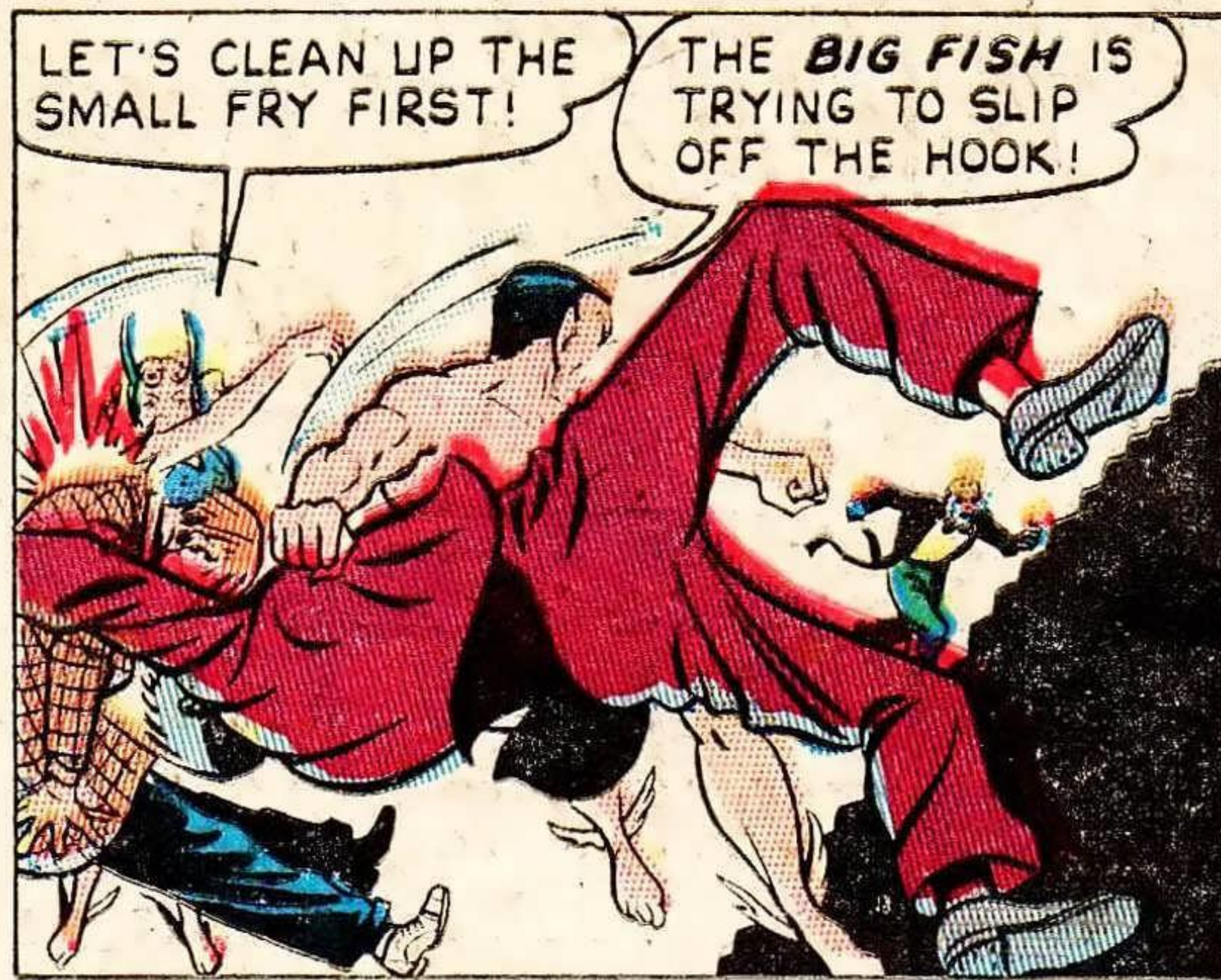
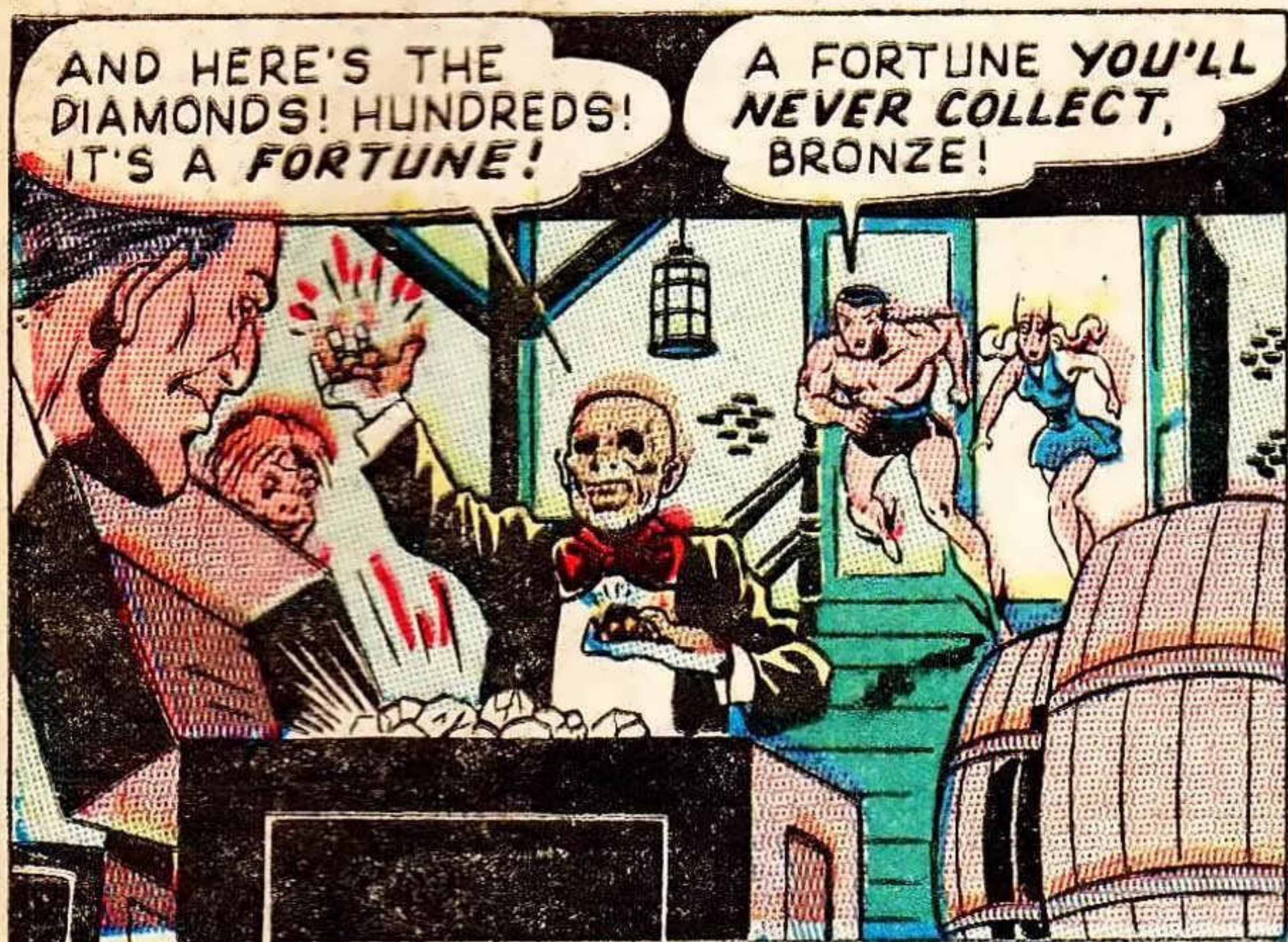
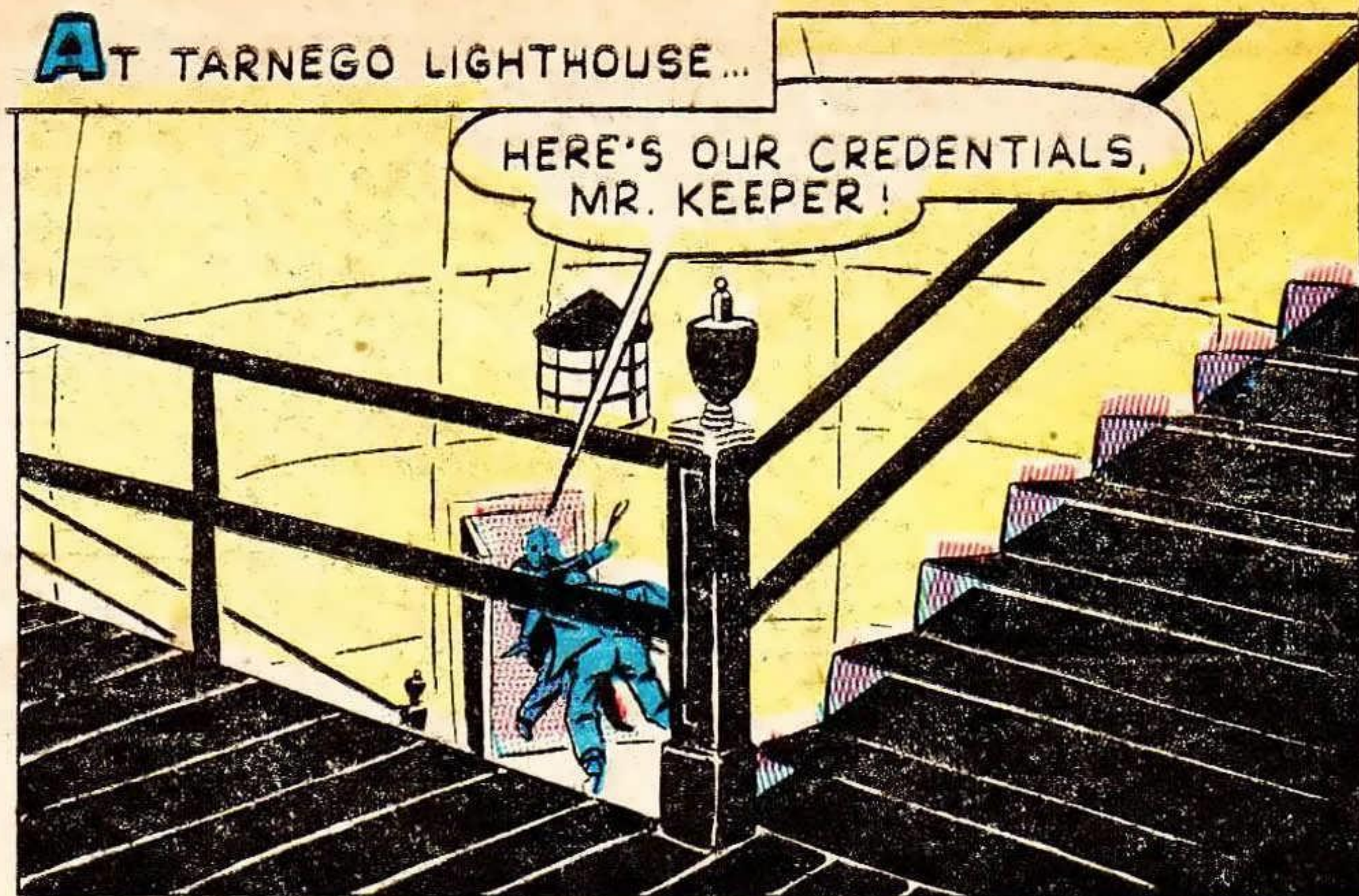
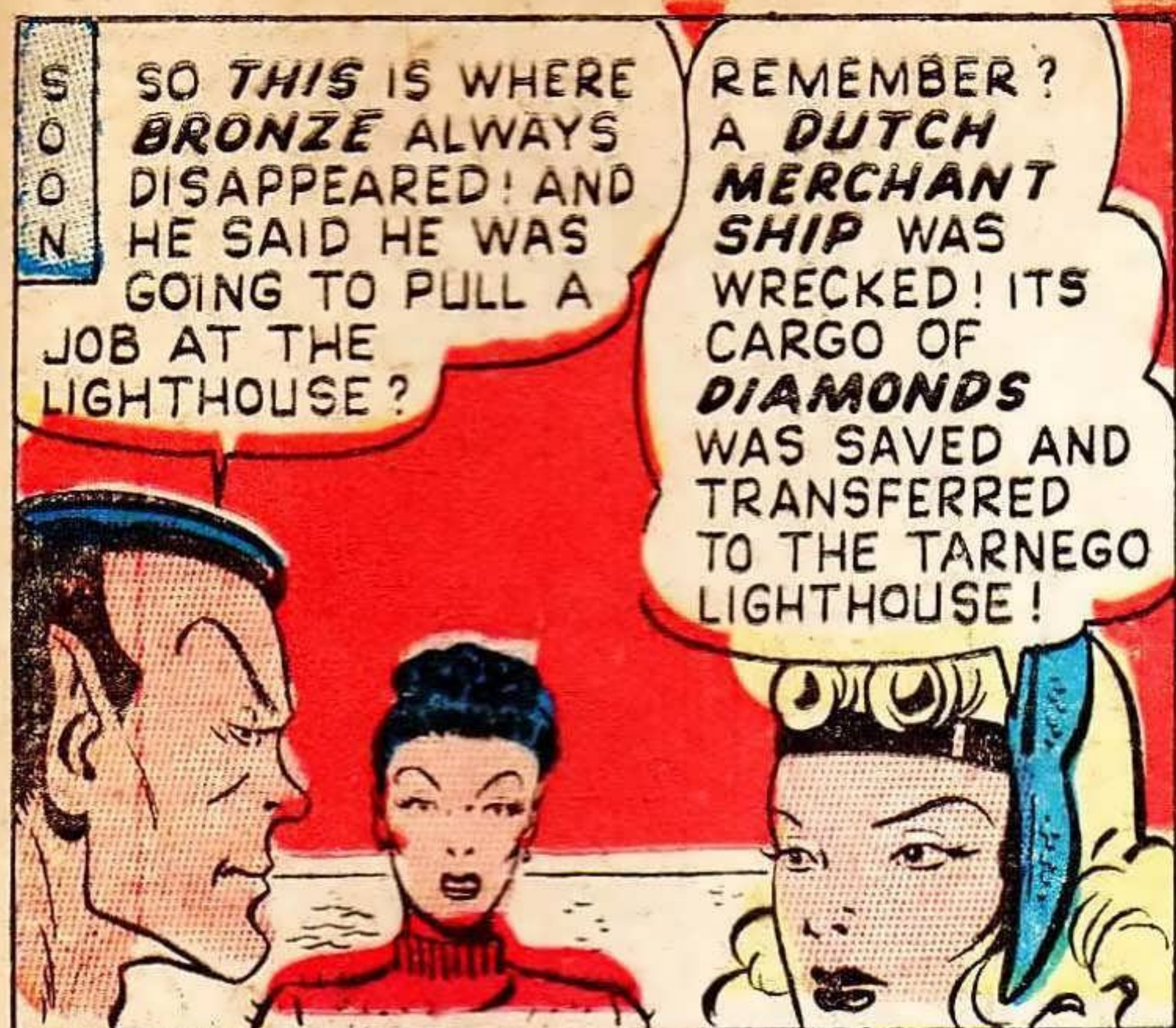


LAURETTE!

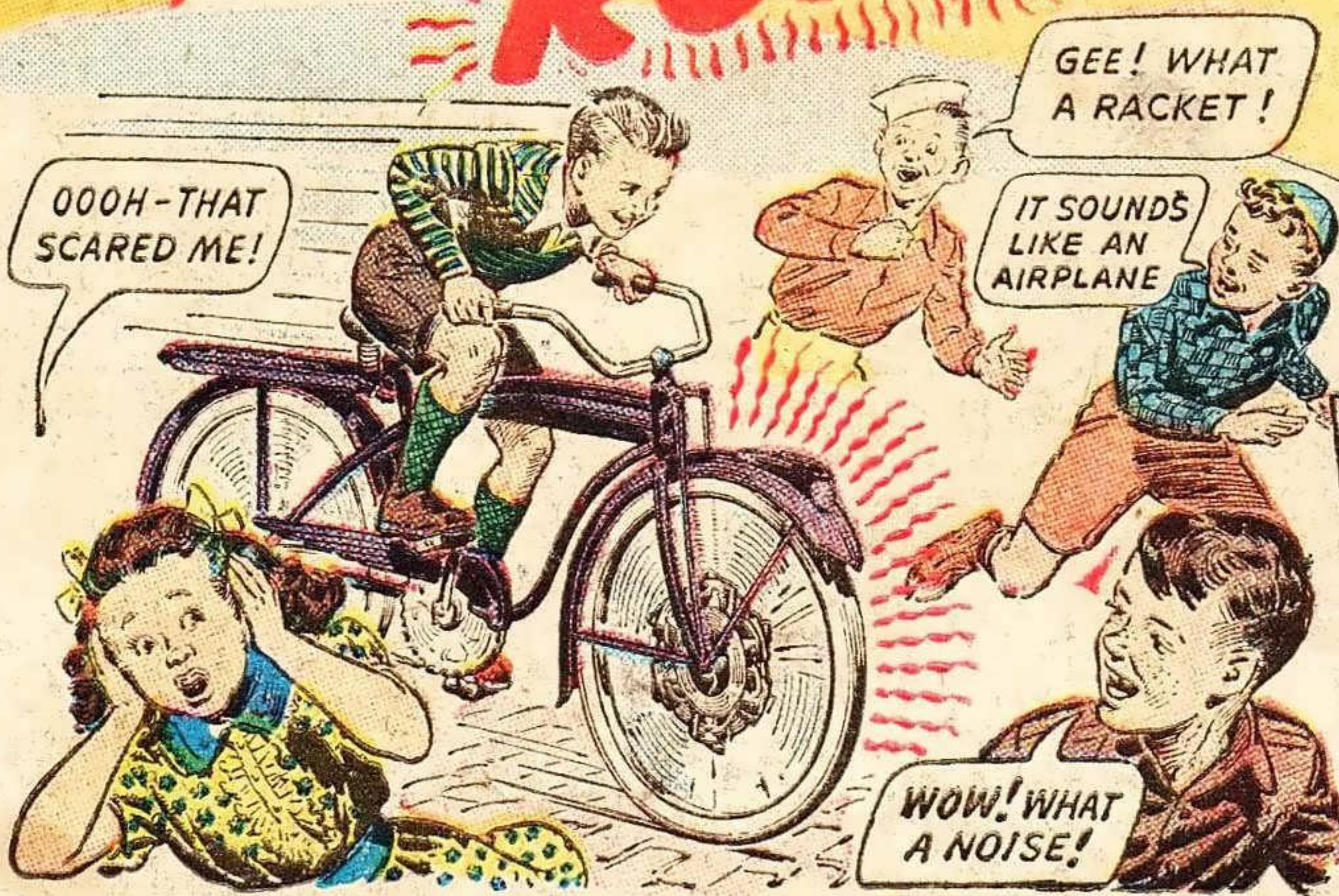
THE DYNAMITE! LOOK OUT!



WHEW! ONE MORE SECOND AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!



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**AMAZING, NEW INVENTION
MAKES EVERY RIDE A THRILL!**

Startle your buddies!

This sensational, new Aero-Motor gives you a thrill on every ride! Not a motor but looks and sounds just like a real engine. The faster you go the louder the roar. Special "four-engine" sound device can give you an extra mighty roar like a Thunderbolt. When you slow down, you get the steady purr of a machine gun. Watch people scatter and look up when you come along. It's the thrill of a lifetime. When you stop a crowd will gather

around you. Easily attached in a few minutes. Nothing to get out of order. Write for yours NOW.

BIKE DECORATION SET EXTRA for prompt action!

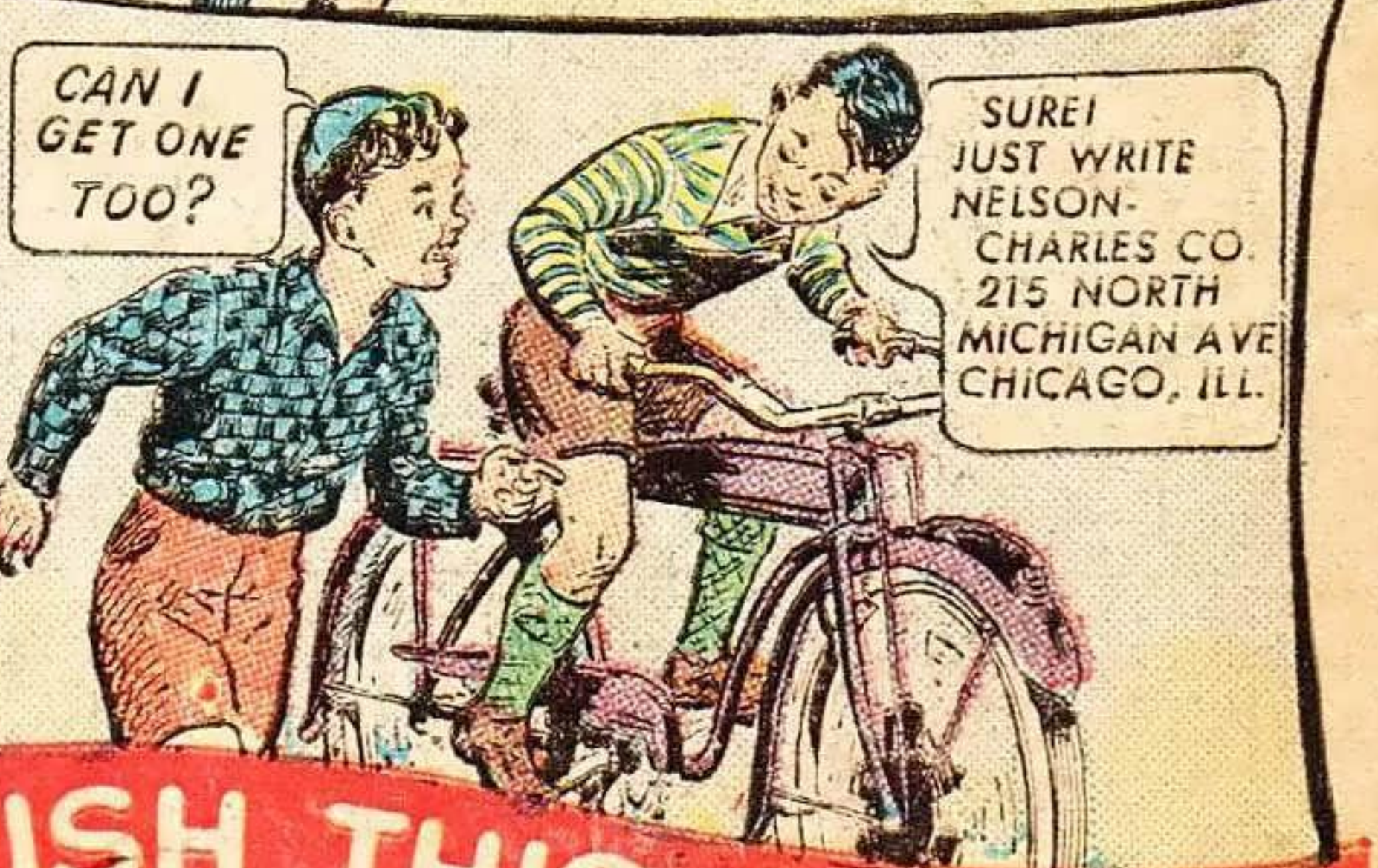
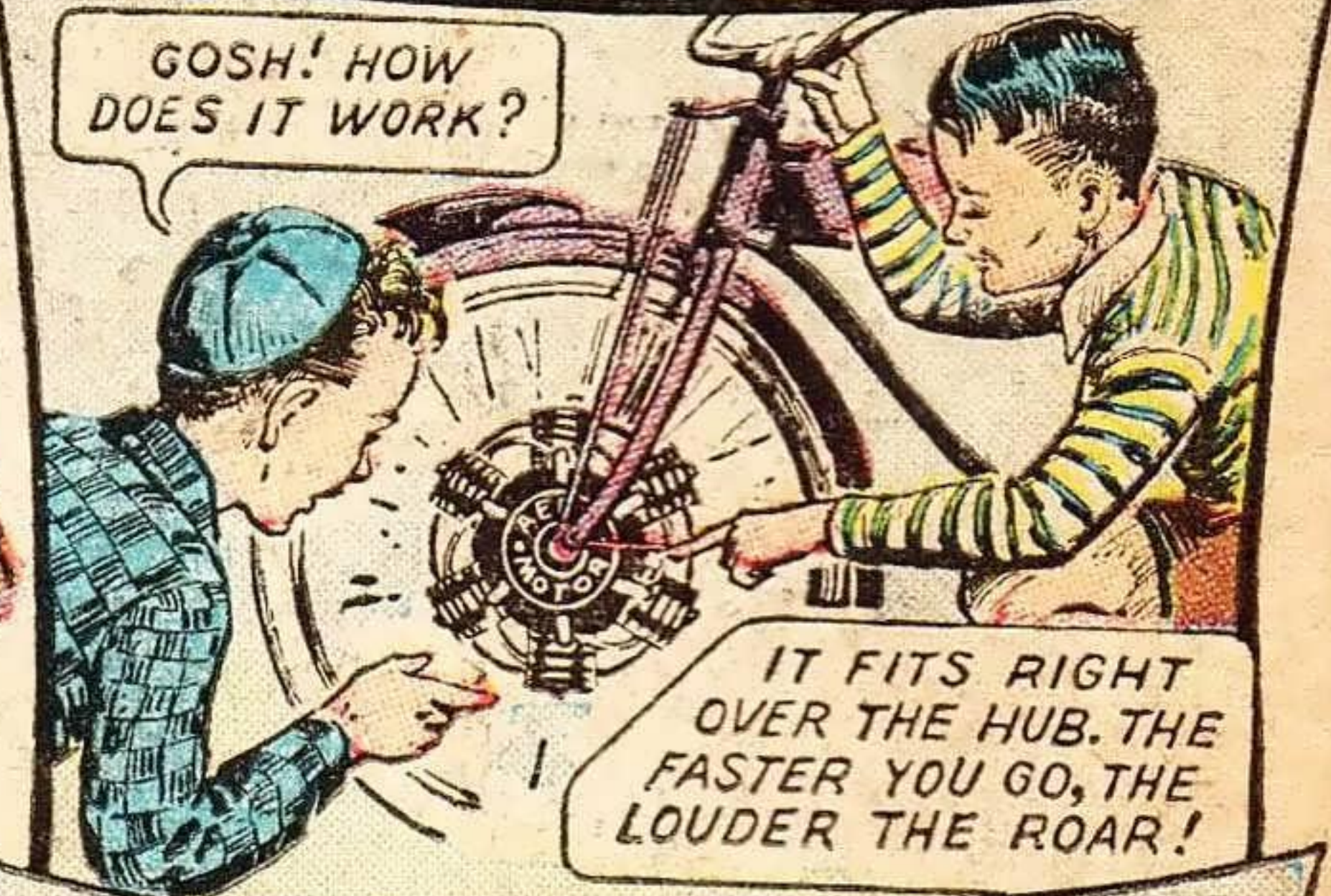
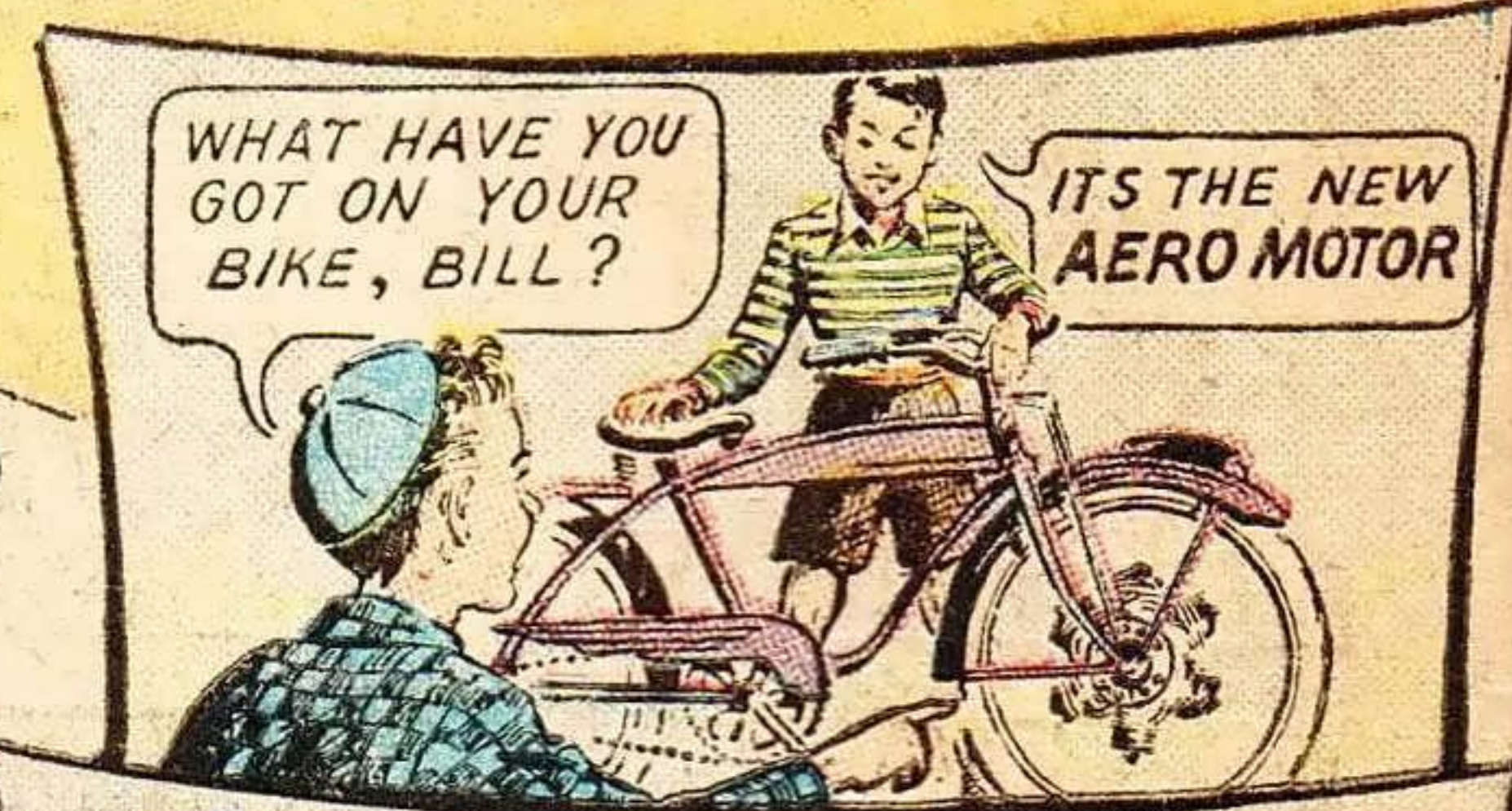
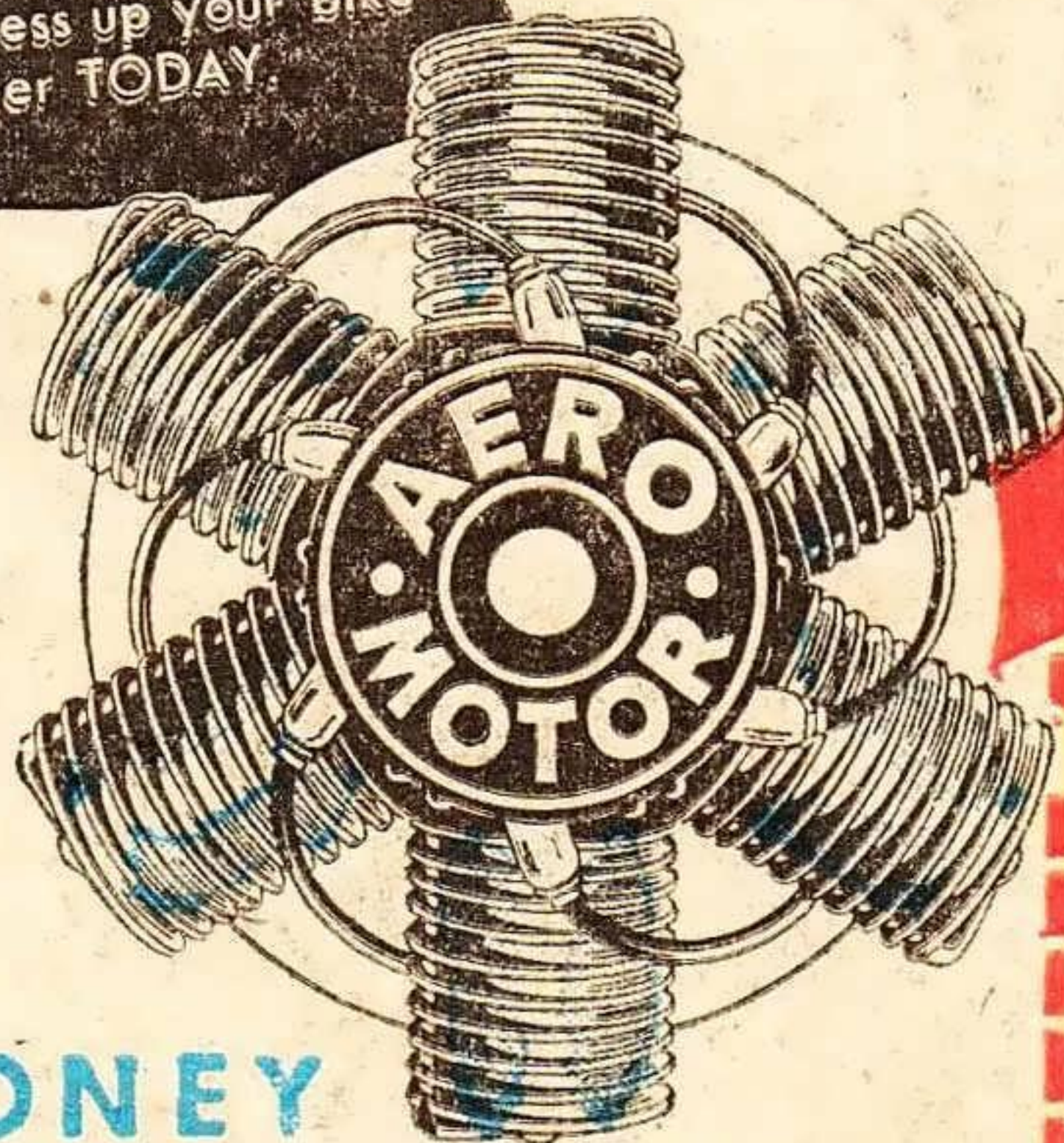
If you order NOW we will include at no additional cost a Bike Decoration Kit which includes flags and red, white and blue streamers 10 ft. long to dress up your bike on special occasions. Order TODAY.

**ONLY
\$1.49**

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. On arrival pay postman \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on our guarantee if not completely satisfied your money back. If you send cash, we pay postage.

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RUSH THIS COUPON

Nelson-Charles Co.,
Dept 540F 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send Aero-Motor plus Bike Decoration Kit as a reward for prompt action. On arrival, I'll deposit \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee if not completely satisfied I can return and you will refund my money.

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Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

SAVE MONEY. If you send cash, we pay postage.

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT
where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. SG-2
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

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Light-N-Write Combination*

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You Get BOTH In ONE

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CIGARETTE LIGHTER
the "light" that
never misses!

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Two modern pocket essentials... a ball point pen and a handy cigarette lighter. We've taken **both** and cleverly encased them in a single streamlined shaft of gleaming, golden chrome. **THE PEN:** That wonderful new ball point principle that's taken the country by storm... now **perfected** and **improved** to offer you **greater writing perfection**. Never skips... never blots! One jiffy-refill cartridge gives many, many months of silky-smooth writing. **THE LIGHTER:** A simple flick of your thumb, and **flash**—there's a perfect flame every time. Ideal for cigarettes or pipes... also a handy emergency torch for dark rooms. **TOGETHER**—They're a peach of a pair for only \$1.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after you see your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money **cheerfully**!

*Send
No Money*

Order today! Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or send \$2.00 and we pay postage. If not delighted return in 10 days for refund.

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the "write" that
never fails!

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Only \$3.98



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**With TWO
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Now you can have a massive Sterling Silver ring with YOUR OWN GOLD PLATED INITIAL and two gleaming simulated DIAMONDS at our amazingly low price! Actually compares in appearance with rings selling from \$75 to \$50 higher. Now you can appear to be as prosperous as many bankers and big city playboys who wear similar rings selling for hundreds of dollars. Why pay a fantastic sum? Order your own "personalized" initial ring now. Makes an ideal gift, too! **SEND NO MONEY!** Just send name, address and ring size. (String or strip of paper will do.) Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus 20% fed. tax and few cents postage. Or send \$4.78 and we pay postage. **ACT NOW!** Return in 10 days for refund if you don't agree it's the best ring buy you have ever seen.

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in a jiffy!* *Fits
most cars!*

Check These **QUALITY** Features

- ★ Colorful, Water Repellent Scotch Plaid Fibre
- ★ Rich Leatherette inserts at points of greatest strain
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4-door sedan
with 1-pc. seats
and backs.



STYLE SB
2-door sedan
with split back,
1-pc. seat.



STYLE SC
2-door sedan
with separate
seats.



STYLE CA
Coupe with
1-pc. back.



STYLE CC
Coupe with
2-pc. back.

HOW TO ORDER SEAT COVERS

Referring to your license card,
list the **make, year,**
and **model** of your car.
Also give model number, body type.
Also state seat style of your car
as shown in illustrations at left.
Put all information in coupon below
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**COVERS ENTIRE BACK
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**An out-of-this-world bargain in
Super-Fit, Easy-To-Install
Custom Quality Seat Covers**

- ★ Superb Materials
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Front Seats**
\$6.30
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Compare
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Complete Set**
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Order Direct and Save**

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pay postman balance plus post-
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WE pay postage. If not delighted
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MAKE _____ YEAR _____ MODEL _____
Body Type _____ Seat Style ☐ Style SA ☐ Style SB ☐ Style SC ☐ Style CA ☐ Style CC
Check ☐ I am enclosing \$_____ payment in full. **SHIP POSTPAID.**
One ☐ I am enclosing \$1—Ship Balance C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$_____ plus postage.
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